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THE BOOKMAN

WHAT THE WORKER READS

By Charles R. Walker, Jr.

THE past two years I have spent more or less in overalls. I have worked on the open hearth furnaces of a steel mill near Pittsburgh, and burned my fingers as hot blast man on a blast furnace. I have spent a short six weeks in a rubber factory, and a good many months in a casting shop, a refinery, and a rolling mill of a brass factory. A few months ago I graduated into a white collar and an office chair, but I don't yet feel perfectly natural talking American instead of Anglo-Hunky. For these reasons I presume, and because he knows that I wielded a pen before I took to a crowbar as a means of self-expression, John Farrar has asked me to tell what the working man reads.

I must admit I resent that phrase. The matter-of-fact working man reads "A Manual for Sheet Metal Workers" and "The Whole Art of Molding", etc.; the aspiring working man, the Alexander Hamilton Business Course; the ecclesiastical, the Bible and the Fathers; the historical, Duruy, Gibbon, and Mr. Wells. Great Guns, the working man is the public, and he reads whatever the presses vouchsafe. I suppose, though, J. F. means the fellow who works with his hands, instead of with his tongue, his nerve, or his brains. But even that leaves included vast numbers of the "reading public" that can't legitimately be carved off into a class. Plumbers read, printers read, steel rollers read, glass bottle blowers read—pretty much the stuff advertised by publishers in the pages of, well, THE BOOKMAN.

But occupational training in practising law or breaking stones isn't altogether a useless classification. As your occupation for eight, ten, twelve hours a day puts you into or takes you out of certain human affairs, so your appetite for the written word is modified. Men whose routine job is dangerous and death defying, like a steeple jack's for instance, don't read "Lives of the Daring" with so keen a zest as the boys who put valves into inner tubes from seven a. m. to five

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p. m. I know a man (in a university) who works at mediæval Latin texts all day, and who, despite several letters after his name, confines his recreational reading to "Snappy Stories" and "Adventure". I know a bricklayer who goes in largely for Dickens and H. G. Wells.

Again, closely related to this occupational business, are two elements that mark out—with inspiring and notable exceptions—what shall be read, and how much, by nine-tenths of the world's population. They are: time off, and fatigue. Hundreds of thousands of body workers—not just hand, but arms, legs, and back workers—*haven't any unfatigued leisure.* For example: take a hot roller in a brass mill. He takes a two hundred pound bar of red hot metal in a pair of tongs and shoves it through a pair of revolving rolls, catching it over the top every few seconds and sending it back through. After a ten-hour day, although he has leisure from five o'clock to eleven o'clock (if he's unmarried, I mean) he doesn't hurt his eyes over "The Development of the English Novel". Though he might like to, if he didn't enjoy just sitting down so much. That is why, if you go through any mill town at six o'clock, you see so many men in shirt sleeves sitting on the tiny porches of their homes, doing absolutely nothing.

So much for "unfatigued" leisure. As you approach the illiterate and on the way pass through the non-reading literate, you reach that considerable bulk of humanity who have, practically speaking, no leisure, fatigued or otherwise. It has come to be a favorite symbol of misplaced benevolence to draw a picture of the Carnegie libraries in steel towns where the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week is being worked. It is a well worn but a very striking symbol. One doesn't (I've tried it) issue from twelve hours' steel making to retire to a reading room for a long evening over the anthologies. I want to remark, however, that there are persons of exceptional self-culture working the twelve hour a day, and not from choice either. I have a paragraph later on these notables. One story especially about an ordinary helper on a blast furnace, a day laborer of fifteen years' service, who was also a scenario writer. He dictated them to a literate American friend. But more of him later. There are some who work a more moderate day, say ten or eleven hours, who might be supposed to have some leisure, whether fatigued or not. Yes, there are some—but it should be noted that it is necessary for most men to tend the furnace and hold the baby.

I don't want any person with a sociological mind, or any sensitive defendant or prosecutor of any particular brand of social organization, to suppose for an instant that this is somehow subtly an indictment of somebody or something. Don't for example accuse me for an instant of holding that with a few well directed reforms—such as the four-hour day enforced by law or the compulsory placing of the five-foot bookshelf behind each blast furnace in Gary—workmen would, thus released and raised, turn this century into a sort of Periclean age. Such ideas are really quite remote from my conviction. As a matter of fact, all I am doing is having a good time (at J. F.'s expense) amiably discussing who reads what, among the bulk of mankind—meaning the manual workers—and why they do it, or don't. And I intend in a minute to give, as the lecturer says, a few personal experiences. All philosophic de-

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ductions (and I fancy there are some) and all implicit programs for church movements are left to the reader's own conjuring.

One or two generalizations I would like to make before I talk about some individuals. The first is that even more than the New York commuter, the workman who reads anything beyond the number on his time check, reads the newspapers. Let the whistle blow, in ship yard or foundry, and after the worker has reached home and eaten a brand of supper appropriate to his nationality, he produces a newspaper likewise suited: the "Corriere della Sera" for the Italian, or "The New Atlantis" for the descendants of Aristotle and Demosthenes. When the Food Administration desired to bring their propaganda to the notice of every possible reader in the United States, they went to the foreign language press association, to have the material published in eight hundred newspapers. *There* is the real daily pabulum of written stuff for America's mixed racial humanity. These foreign language papers (common opinion to the contrary) are with one or two exceptions the despair of the radical. They insist upon printing nothing but the most orthodox views upon American society. They are irretrievably conservative. They are, as one insurrectionist said, "as bad as the Boston 'Transcript' ".

Now of course there is the trade unionist press. It is read very thoroughly by the officers of the unions, and so it influences in a way the bulk of union workers. But the Wall Street "Journal" is read by the captains of industry, and their conduct influences the masses too. I am not interested, in this article, in spheres of influence, or the proper medium for Americanizing the workers or starting a revolution. I am simply interested in the printed stuff they read, its quality, quantity, and function in their lives. The trade union press forms a real element in the lives of organized labor, but organized labor is a moderately small fraction of the workers. (No objection, I take it, from the left.) And this press, while important, is frightfully given up to names, resolutions, dues paid and not paid.

Mr. O'Ryan introduced a resolution, asking that a vote of gratitude be extended the retiring treasurer for his long service in the interests of Local 528, and in the cause of organized labor and the freedom of man.

So the rank and file trade unionist turns with you and me to the magazine stand. The so-called "labor press", as distinguished from the unionist, is just a drop of ink in a sea of general newspaper and periodical literature. It doesn't touch the outskirts of half the working men who read a lot of other things. If I were in the field of labor journalism I'd feel disgraced. They've got a huge unexploited market. There's a chance for some human beings there, to oust the doctrinaires.

Now I've met some very attractive and extraordinary reading persons in the various jobs I've turned my hand to, and they illustrate how a lively interest in things of the mind somehow persists, to root and grow in stony places. I mean upon the difficult ground of long hours, and exhausting, dangerous labor. Unquestionably there is more chance for a man to invigorate his mind through reading, while earning bread in a rubber mill or an automobile factory, than there was in the days when New England fields were producing maize and stone walls. But the persistently reading day laborer is still sufficiently novel to be interesting.

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I met Adam, the Pole, in a copper refinery. He was a mason by trade but he used to come into the mill for the winter to keep warm. It was warm enough there. We had a twenty-one ton old-fashioned furnace that cooked the copper scrap which was ready to be poured out red hot into molds, every morning at seven. I was on the floor gang with Adam pushing trucks about with molds on them, bringing them up to the furnace empty and taking them back a hundred and fifty pounds heavier. There was usually a lull at four or five in the afternoon. Adam was leaning on his truck looking into the furnace. The boss, McCarthy by name, had just left us after an harangue.

"Gets excited," said Adam.

"Yes," I said.

"But a wise old bird," he pursued. "Reads a lot."

"Yes? Do you read much?" I asked.

"Ye-or, I like to read."

"Polish or English?"

"Both." Pause.

"Now take Sienkiewicz. I've read all his books both in Polish and English. I like 'em."

"I haven't read all of his," I said rather abashed. "But he's a good writer. Who else?"

"I like Dumas best. Read all of his. Victor Hugo, pretty well."

"Well," I thought, "here is a man with his hand on a mold truck who should be a librarian."

I glanced up at Adam. He was in the right place for his physique, though. He was a well made ox.

"Did you ever read Dickens or Shakespeare?" I hazarded, stopping at nothing.

He had, but didn't like them so well. His mind ran to adventure.

"I like H. G. Wells and Jules Verne," he said.

The boss started to return from the rolling mill.

"I tried to read 'The Wandering Jew' once, but only got through two volumes."

The boss had his eye on us.

"I like history," Adam went on. "Am reading a history of Ancient Egypt. Rameses Second—"

But the boss came up and we started trucking scrap again.

On a later occasion I checked up Adam on his literary claims and found they were perfectly sound. In addition he followed politics with great acuteness, and instructed me very ably in Polish and German diplomatic history....

Now for the Serbian scenario writer. I am going to take this right out of my diary. It was in a steel mill in the summer of 1919.

They are getting ready to "blow in" No. 9 blast furnace. It is a new one, and we have been busy for a couple of days piling wood inside, preparatory to lighting it up. I have been working beside an intelligent looking Serb and neither of us ventured conversation till today.

"Did you ever write scenarios?" he asked.

If he had said: "Did you ever read George Borrow?" I would have been equally nonplussed. I controlled a bursting impulse to roar, and answered, "Yes, did you?"

"Yes," he returned. "It's quite a trick, isn't it?"

I admitted there was a technique to writing movies.

"I have a book", he went on, "that tells you the dope. I no write myself. I dictate. I no write English."

We put down the log and went to get a separate stick each, meeting again at the slag hole.

"I have a scheme," he said. "Get moving picture camera, get man run him, and take camera and man to Serbia. Go where war come."

"Devastated places, ruins," I suggested.

"Yes, go all through Slavic country, take picture soldiers, guns, ruin farm, house, city, come back show steel towns. I go with picture McKeesport, Pittsburgh, Youngstown. Show everywhere, people like. What you think?"

"Very good idea," I said warmly.

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"Make big money," he concluded grinning. "No work no more."

That ended the chat. I had others of equal interest at different times, and found him learned in the phases of the war which concerned America and Serbia. He had worked on blast furnaces for fifteen years.

And now I hardly know what to select as I turn through my diary, but I think Tom the wiener man, with his interest in the classics, may do. Tom, I suppose, was strictly not a wage earner. He kept a very tiny shop where he sold principally wieners, but sometimes steaks and other things. I used to eat at the Greek restaurants in the little steel city, farther down Main Street, and then start home after supper. By the time I reached Tom's tiny shop, I was usually overcome by a temptation to take more nourishment, and a desire for some of Tom's society. One day, half-way through a bowl of cereal, I glanced down on Tom's counter, and found an old Greek newspaper under the bowl. I studied it a while, making out a few lines.

Tom was watching me narrowly. "You read Greek?" he said.

"I used to," I retorted.

He lit up thoroughly, as if a switch had been turned on inside his head.

"A great language," he returned. "All other language out of Greek. Greek words first."

I thought this a little extreme. But if Tom felt philologically inclined that evening I was willing to humor him.

"Geometry," I said. "There's a Greek word in English."

He glowed at me, and derived twenty more from an American newspaper he lifted off the shelf.

I had some curiosity to know whether Tom's erudition was simply of a variety to prove to customers the inferiority of the English language, or whether it touched at all on literature.

"Have you ever read Sophocles?" I asked.

He hadn't, but named me the other Greek dramatists, and Homer, and a few other people, and intimated promptly that he was conscious of the peculiar glory of his cultural inheritance. We had a good time discussing Greek literature.

I asked him finally what he thought of the "Œdipus Tyrannus". He hadn't read it. It suddenly occurred to me that it would be fun telling a modern Greek the story of the "Œdipus Tyrannus". It is a cracking good story, and I wondered if it wouldn't go just as a tale with a gripping plot. It did go. I ordered another bowl of cereal, and gave all the details of the man who killed his father and married his mother five hundred years before Christ in the land of the Hellenes. Tom was overjoyed, said it was a good story, and was proud of me and of his country. I came away feeling that it was still possible to build enduring friendships on a mutual love of classical literature.

That is all I have space for, I guess, at present. One thing more. *"Does the working man read?"* As a whole, by and large, in anything like the sense in which real reading is to be taken: *No.* He does not read. All the people I have been discussing are, though scattered through every grade of worker, exceptional. They represent a goodly number, but stacked against the total of toiling humanity, just a handful. The reading public is widening constantly but it is still small, still superficial. The average working man, like the average man, still reads his pay check number, and reads the expression on his neighbor's face. A little besides, but not much.

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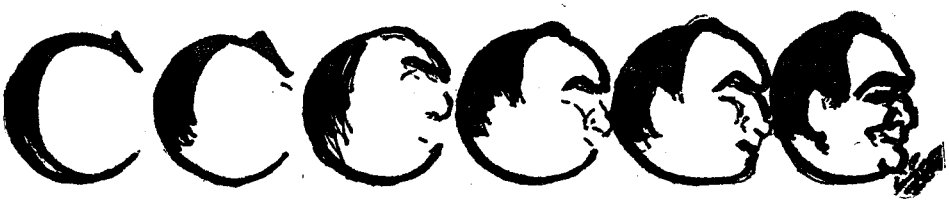

CARUSO AND THE NEWSPAPER MAN

By Grenville Vernon

With Caricatures by Caruso

TO the New York newspaper men Enrico Caruso was an anomaly. He was a gold mine of copy, but his real self he kept jealously aloof from Anglo-Saxon gaze. Perhaps a stray Celt or two by Celtic warmth of sympathy may have gained access to his confidence, but even these probably never reached the innermost sanctum of his Latin soul. Not even William J. Guard, press representative of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Irishman, cosmopolitan, and father confessor to half the operatic artists of the world, knew him as did his own Neapolitan cronies, though it was to Mr. Guard rather than to them that Caruso turned in time of trouble. How well we critics and news gatherers remember the great tenor strolling into Mr. Guard's office before a performance, the inevitable cigarette holder between his teeth; remember him humming a burlesque air, screwing his features into the grin of a Polichinelle, and perhaps mimicking some tenor who considered himself "greater than Caruso", mimicking him in a manner which was a far more effective demolishment than could have been accomplished by all the words of the most vitriolic critics. Then he would turn his back—and what a back! Was there ever such a back before; will there ever be such again? A back like a Roman wall, four-square, tremendous: the back of a Titan, of an Athanasius against the world; a back at once whimsical and overpowering. There will be few of us who will forget his face; there will be none who will forget his back. Then he would walk into his dressing room, leaving behind the vision of the eternal jester. This was the Caruso of the world, the man of story and newspaper legend. But even as we believed in him, we knew that it was as the belief in Santa Claus. The real Caruso was far otherwise.

Those who really knew Enrico Caruso, who penetrated beneath his ready laugh, who were able to lift the layers of generosity, good humor, and a certain suspicion which is the badge of every Neapolitan, and reach contact with the man beneath, knew a Caruso far removed from either the visual one or the man of legend. To these few friends, all of his own race and nearly all of his own city, the great tenor's heart was an open book, and there is not one of them who would not insist that it was the tragic rather than the comic note which was the key to his nature. Art, fame, and

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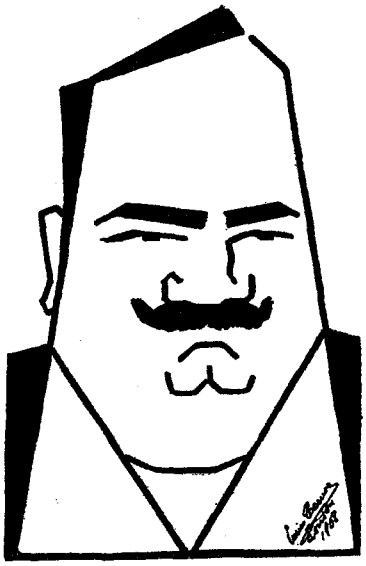

Enrico Caruso

wealth had given him all that could be given. Far more than her king, more than any of her statesmen or victorious generals, Caruso was the idol of Italy, indeed the very symbol of her greatness; for he alone of her living sons stood without rival. Yet despite his practical jokes, his antics, his buffoonery both off and on the stage, Caruso remained like Canio the man who laughed that he might not weep. That Canio was indeed the character in which he won his most unquestioned triumph, is not without significance.

The day before Caruso sailed for Europe for the last time, an incident occurred which gave an insight into the great tenor's real nature. It is told by Mario Sisca, the editor of "La Follia", the New York Italian weekly, in whose pages for many years appeared Caruso's cartoons. Mr. Sisca called to bid his friend goodby, and found him seated at a table with an open check book before him. Without a word the tenor handed his visitor the checks he had just signed. They amounted to nearly sixty-five thousand dollars and they were made out to the various doctors who had attended him during his illness. Despite the huge total of the sums Caruso had paid them without question, but the wan smile with which he greeted Mr. Sisca showed that his thoughts had not been idle.

"There they are, Mario," he said. "All signed. Not one of them can say I owe him a cent."

Then, Mr. Sisca said, his face darkened, and clenching his hands about the arms of his chair he exclaimed passionately:

"My doctors made only one mistake; they let me live. I'd rather have died than have to live this way!"

It wasn't that he objected to paying the money; it was simply that all the flattery and adulation and envy of the world left him only the more open to encroachment, against which the simple human being reacted vehemently with the full realization that his reac-

Caruso as Canio ("Pagliacci")

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Theodore Roosevelt

tion was hopeless and that he must go on paying the price of his fame to the end of the chapter.

This was a tiny corner of the man's tragic side, a side which he rarely showed but which many of his more intimate experiences had intensified and deepened. In speaking of Caruso it would be useless to ignore this side, for it was really the groundwork of his nature; yet it would be equally useless to dwell upon it, for the Caruso of the world was a very different person. Generous as few singers have been generous, he paid the penalty generosity always pays in disappointment and deception. Luckily he took this philosophically and often humorously. One of these deceptions which Caruso recounted to the present writer is worth repeating.

Woodrow Wilson

Caruso was always exceedingly bountiful in his encouragement of young singers, which encouragement often took the form of complete monetary support. Some of these singers proved a credit to the trust placed in them, but others didn't. This story has to do with one of the latter. One day Caruso was a guest at an afternoon musicale. A young girl, whose dress betokened a rather extreme lack of funds, was called upon to sing. According to the hostess's explanation the girl had simply called and asked to be heard, but her voice had so impressed the hostess that she wished Caruso to hear her as well. The girl thereupon sang a few songs very prettily, and so charmed Caruso that he offered to pay for her vocal training. He gave her a letter to a friend of his, a well-known singing teacher, and the instruction began.

At first all went well and the young singer made progress. To encourage her Caruso, at the end of the first quarter, sent her in addition to the money for her tuition a check with which to buy herself a proper wardrobe. The girl wrote and thanked him; a little later she wrote again telling him that she required lessons in French and Italian. Caruso promptly replied with another check. After a few weeks she wrote once more, stating that she was ill and that the doctor had prescribed sea air for her. Without inquiring further the tenor at once despatched a further and larger sum. Three weeks went by. One day Caruso was walking in Central Park, when his eye caught sight of a carriage drawn by a magnificent pair of horses. As such carriages are rare in these days of automobiles, he regarded it with great interest. In it was seated a distinguished looking gentleman with waxed mustaches, and beside him, clad in sables and wearing a dream of a Paris hat, a young and very pretty woman. Though Caruso had not seen her since the day of the musicale and though her present radiance contrasted oddly with her former woebegone appearance, he recognized her at once—she was the young singer whose musical education, whose clothes, and whose sea air he had been paying for! On

Alfonso XIII

Abdul Amid

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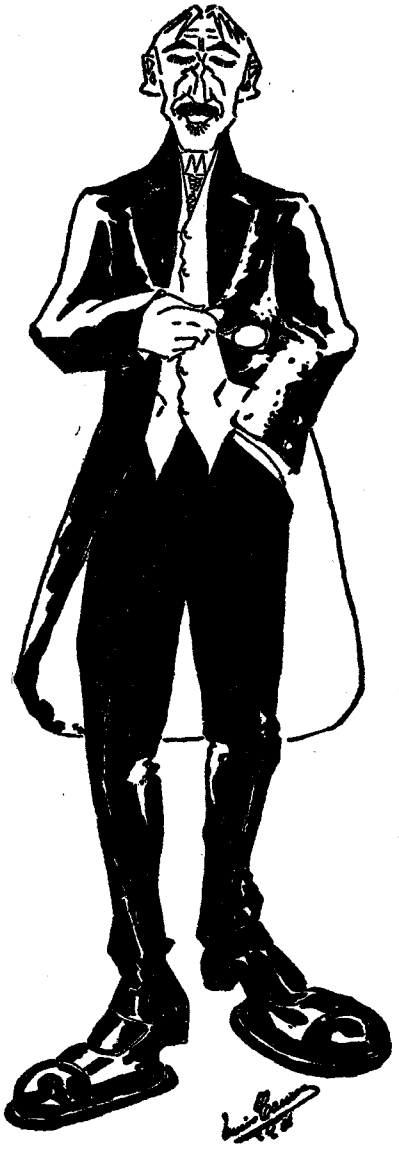
arriving home he telephoned his friend the singing teacher, asking him how his protégée was progressing. He was told that the young woman hadn't been near the studio for two months and that she had never paid a cent for the instruction she had received.

"You see," said Caruso grimly, "my checks had gone into sables. However they appear to have caught the gentleman with the waxed mustaches, who no doubt will pay for her singing lessons if she still wants them!"

But Caruso wasn't generous with strangers only. There was in him much of the great patron of the Renaissance. He was the Prince of Tenors and his Italian soul whispered to him that he must act as a prince would act. About him was always a retinue of worshipers, of hangers-on, of flatterers. They sat in his anteroom while he was asleep or taking his bath, playing cards, gossiping, eating and drinking at his expense. Caruso liked to have them there, liked their low bows and their "Buon giorno, Commendatore" as he entered, liked their surrounding him as a body guard when he strolled up the Avenue. Perhaps he had a certain contempt for them, but it was contempt mingled with affection, the contempt of a grand seigneur for his retainers. They did not work and he supported them—but they were the visible sign of his princehood. He was an Italian, almost an Italian of the Middle Ages. This side of him was incomprehensible, even unsympathetic, to Americans—but America has not produced princes of the Middle Ages, any more than she has produced the artists whom they made possible.

There was, however, a more intimate generosity which we can understand, and of this there are a hundred anecdotes. We all know how at Christmas Caruso played Santa Claus to the chorus and ballet to the extent of a five dollar gold piece each, and how he remembered with a stick pin or a similar present the smaller artists and the house attachés. These stories have been told and retold. But there



William J. Guard

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are others which the world never knew. One is related by Punzel, the wigmaker of the Metropolitan. Punzel was one day trying on Caruso's head a new wig which the tenor was to wear in "Faust", when the door opened and Caruso's secretary arrived with ten five hundred dollar bills which he handed to the singer. As Caruso began to count them over Punzel exclaimed jokingly:

"If I had only one of those bills I would be able to take my wife to Europe this summer!"

Without a word Caruso handed the wigmaker one of the bills, saying with mock warning:

"Take care that you make my wig fit as no other wig ever did before!"

Out of such mingled strands was fashioned Enrico Caruso. Into his warp and woof were woven ten thousand such good deeds. He was not perfect; had he been we would not have loved him—for we all loved him, how much he himself would have been the last to know. We loved him for his weaknesses as much as for his strength—they were the relief which softened the power of the man. As a voice he was divine; as a man he was infinitely human. This should be his epitaph.

TOKENS

By Harold Vinal

IN memory of this and that
I'll wear a starry hood
And set a bowl upon the stoop
And light the wood.

In memory of laughter
I'll dance no more
But put my gown and feathers
Behind a dark door.

In memory of sorrow
I'll take them out again
And put a ribbon in my hair
And dance down a lane.

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OUT OF MY NEWSPAPER DAYS

By Theodore Dreiser

II: ST. LOUIS

MY connection with the "Globe-Democrat" had many aspects, chief among which was my rapidly developing consciousness of the significance of journalism and its relation to the life of the nation and the state, a thing which had not been theretofore as clear as it might have been to me. It must be remembered that my journalistic career had begun only five months before and that preceding it I had had no newspaper and certainly no literary experience of any kind. The most casual reader of a newspaper would have been as good as myself in many respects.

My favorite pastime, when I was not out on an assignment or otherwise busy, was to walk the streets and view the lives and activities of others, not thinking very much as to how I might advantage myself and my affairs but how, for some, the lightning of chance was always striking in somewhere and disrupting their plans, leaving destruction and death in its wake, the while luck or fortune was leading the way for others. Thinking on these things, I would wander here and there, looking into the homes of the big and the little and wondering about them, eating out my own heart at the sight of, presumably, unattainable ease or beauty, wishing that like this one I were handsome; like that one, strong; like a third, famous; like a fourth, rich; like a fifth, happy or witty or attractive. This in nowise interfered with the type of work or the specific tasks I was called upon to do; on the contrary, some of the moods evoked by these meditations and contemplations so fired my spirit or altered the atomic rate of my thinking as to make writing or interpretation or exact understanding seem trebly easy. And I often returned with enough data on any subject or assignment to write a half dozen times as much as was wanted. It was no trouble for me, as I soon learned, to fascinate Hartung, the assistant city editor, if not my city editor, with vivid bits of life which I created out of the whole cloth as being appropriate or took from the pages of fact and gesture which life was constantly placing before me. The motion of a man's or a woman's arm, a word used, the color of the day or the hour, the mood of someone—all these, so easily observed by me, seemed to affect my superior intensely, as when one day, writing of a street car accident, I described how the raw country motorman, who had killed a little girl, got off his car and appeared to be dying of cramps, holding his waist, sobbing and groaning. My assistant city editor came in and, holding the item, simply said: "Gee! But you can put things down, all right!" and then went out. For the moment I felt quite set up, not unlike a prizefighter perhaps who has demonstrated that he has the punch; but a little while later, realizing the hugeness of life and the

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absolute unimportance and minuteness of our little strengths and honors, I would be as gloomy and as despondent as ever. Praise has never helped me, nor strength, nor the favor of beauty, nor fame. I have never been able to take my eye from the fact of the immense futility of it all, the unimportance of anything save illusion, the gift or littleness of believing that something, however small, is important. Think of a dog growling over the importance of a bone, an ant hugging an ant egg to its breast!

And as though to help out in my moods and conclusions, the daily routine of my work seemed to provide ample proof of my suspicions that life was grim and sad. Regularly it would be a murder, a suicide, a failure, a defalcation which I would be assigned to "cover", and this would be contrasted on the same day, say, with an important wedding, a business or political banquet, a ball or a club entertainment of some kind, which would provide just the necessary contrast to prove that life was haphazard and casual and cruel; to some lavish, to others not so. Clad in an ordinary business suit I would travel from one such thing to another in the same afternoon or evening, looking first possibly into the face of some grisly horror, then hurrying to some hall or residence of great import where a banquet or dance or wedding was being staged, or someone of affluence or position was speaking, and where, tolerated by the thinnest courtesy, I would be allowed to gather names of those present or make notes of silly speeches or the gifts heaped upon some sillier bride and groom.

The effrontery of life! I used to think. Its coarse and vulgar distinctions! Mere money, so often unworthily inherited or made by shabby methods, seemed, in this second western city I had seen, to throw such commonplace and even wretched souls into such glittering and condescending prominence. Many of the business men with whom I came in contact, most of them immensely successful, were such vulgarians, their wives and daughters so vain and coarse and inconsiderate. As one called upon to visit and question some of the *leading* families of the city, as well as some of the most wretched, I was constantly impressed by the airs of the socially prominent, their craving for show and pleasure, their insane greed for personal mention, their hearty indifference to anything save money plus a keen wish to seem to despise it and fame. I remember going one afternoon to an imposing residence in which some function was in progress. Here I was met by an ostentatious butler who exclaimed most nobly: "My dear sir, who sent you here? The 'Globe' knows we never give lists to newspaper men. We never allow reporters in", and then stiffly closed the door on me. I reported as much to the city editor, who remarked meekly: "Well, that's all right", and gave me something else to do. But the next day a list of the guests at this function was published, and in this paper. I made inquiry of Hartung, who said: "Oh, the society editor must have turned that in. These society women send in their lists beforehand and then say they don't receive reporters."

Another time it was the residence of the Catholic archbishop of St. Louis, a very old but shrewd man whom, so it was rumored in newspaper circles, the local priests were plotting to make appear infirm and weak-minded in order that a favorite of theirs might be made coadjutor and they themselves thus advantaged. I was sent to in-

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quire about his health, to see him if possible. At the door I was met by a sleek dark priest who inquired what I wished, whereupon he assured me that the archbishop was too feeble to be seen.

"That is exactly why I am here," I insisted. "The 'Globe' wishes to inform the public of his exact condition. There seems to be a belief on the part of some that he is not so ill as is given out."

"What! You accuse us of concealing something in connection with the archbishop! This is outrageous!" and he firmly shut me out.

It seemed to me that the straightforward thing would have been to let me meet the archbishop. He was a public official, the state of whose health was of interest to thousands. But no; mere official control regulated that. Shortly afterward he was declared too feeble to perform his duties and a coadjutor was appointed.

Again I was sent to a fashionable west end hotel to interview a visiting governor who was attending a reception of some kind and who, as we understood, was leaving the next day.

"My dear young fellow," said a functionary connected with the entertainment committee, "you cannot do anything of the sort. This is no time to be coming around for anything of this kind."

"But he is leaving tomorrow..."

"I cannot help that. You cannot see him now."

"How about taking him my card and asking him about tomorrow?"

"No, no, no! I cannot do anything of the sort. You cannot see him"; and once again I was shunted briskly forth.

This was my commonest experience where wealth, position, or authority was concerned, and I began to think that the newspaper profession, the reporting end of it, was the roughest, most degrading, most disheartening of any, this going about begging for information which none seemed willing to give. Only the very poor and the outcasts seemed to stand in awe of us, and not even those at times.

I recall being sent one evening to attend a great public ball of some kind —The Veiled Prophets, I believe— which was held in the general selling room of the stock exchange at Third and Walnut, if I recall aright, and which followed as a rule some huge autumnal parade, the purpose of which was to give the élite of the city an opportunity to pleasure themselves in some way. My presence there was due to a desire on the part of the city editor for a general view or introduction or pen picture to be used as a "lead" to the full story, which was to be done by others in bits or piecemeal. For this occasion I was ordered to hire a dress suit and wear it (the first I had ever worn, as I may as well explain), which cost the paper three dollars. I remember being greatly disturbed by my own appearance once I got it on, whether it or I "looked all right", and feeling very queer and conspicuous. I should also add that I was greatly troubled as to what sort of impression my garb and myself in it would make on the various members of the staff. As to the latter I was not long in doubt.

"Say, look at our friend in the claw hammer, will you?" This from Hazard. "He looks like a real society man to me!"

"Usher, you mean," called Bellairs. "Who is he? I don't seem to remember him."

"Those pants come darned near being a fit, don't they?" This from

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someone who had laid hold of the side lines of the trousers.

I could not make up my mind whether I wanted to fight or laugh or whether I was startlingly handsome or a howling freak to be exhibited.

But the thing that weighed on me most was the picture of luxury, tawdry enough perhaps to those intimately connected with it, which this ball presented, the happiness I credited to all present, contrasted of course with my own ignoble state. After spending three hours there bustling about examining flowers, decorations, getting names, details of costumes, and drinking various drinks with various officiating floor masters whose sole duty appeared to be to look after "the press" and see that they got all details straight, I returned to the office and began to pour forth a glowing and pyrotechnic account of just how beautiful it all was, how gorgeous, how perfect the women, how marvelous their costumes, how gracious and graceful the men, how oriental or occidental or Arabic, I forget which, were the decorations, outdoing the Arabian Nights or the fabled splendors of the Khaliphate. Who does not recognize this indiscriminate newspaper tosh, poured forth from one end of America to another for everything from a farmers' reunion or an I. O. O. F. Ladies' Day to an Astor or a Vanderbilt wedding?

As I was writing, my head whirring with the imaginary and impossible splendors of the occasion, I was informed by my city editor that when I was done I should go to such and such a number in South St. Louis where only an hour before a triple or quadruple murder had been committed. I was to go out on a street car and if I could not get back in time by street car (most cars running only hourly after twelve or one) I was to get a carriage and drive back at breakneck speed in order to get the story into the last edition. The great fear was that the rival paper, the "Republic", would get or might already have it and we would not. And so, my head full of pearls, diamonds, silks, satins, laces, a world of flowers and lights, I was now hustled out along the dark, shabby, lonely streets of South St. Louis to the humblest of humble cottages, in the humblest of humble streets where, among unpainted shacks with lean-tos at the back for kitchens, was one which contained this story.

An Irish policeman, silent and indifferent, was already at the small dark gate in the dark and silent street, guarding it against intruders; another was inside the door, which stood partially open, and beyond in the roadway in the darkness, their faces all but indistinguishable, a few horrified people. A word of explanation and I was admitted. Inside, a faint glow from a small smoky glass lamp illuminated the front room darkly. It turned out that a very honest, simple, religious, and good-natured Irish-American of about fifty, who had been working by the day in this neighborhood, had recently been taken ill with brain fever and had on this night arisen from his fever bed, seized a flatiron, crept into the front room where his wife and two little children slept, and had brained all three with it. He had then returned to the rear room, where his daughter slept on a couch beside him, and had first felled her with the iron and then cut her throat with a butcher knife. Murderous as the deed seemed, and apparently premeditated, it was still not so: a mere fever or illusion of the blood. The policeman at the gate, who with some others had come perhaps

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an hour before, informed me that the father had already been taken to the Four Courts and that a hospital ambulance—of all things, all being dead—was due any moment.

"But he's out av his mind," he insisted blandly. "He's crazy, sure, or sick av the fever. No man in his right sinses would do that. I tried to taalk to him but he couldn't say naathin', just mumble like."

To me, after my grand ball, a description of which I had just completed, this wretched front room presented a sad and ghastly contrast. The house and furniture were so very poor, the dead wife and children so homely and seemingly work-worn. I could not help remarking the dim, smoky flame cast by the lamp, the cheap bed awry and stained red, the mother and two children lying in limp and painful disorder on it, the bedding dragged half off. It was evident that a struggle had taken place, for a chair and table were upset, the ironing board thrown down, a bureau and the bed pushed sidewise.

Shocked beyond measure, yet with an eye to color only, the zest of the public for picturesque details, I examined the three rooms with care, the officer in the house following me. Together we looked at the utensils in the kitchen, what was in the cupboard to eat, what in the closet to wear. I made notes of the contents of the rooms, their cheapness, then went to the neighbors on either hand to learn if they had heard anything. Then in a stray owl car, no carriages being available, I hurried to the Four Courts, several miles cityward, to see the criminal if possible. I found him, old, pale, sick, thin, walking up and down in his small iron cell, plainly out of his mind, a picture of hopeless, unconscious misery. His hands trembled idly about his mouth; his shabby trousers, put on by the police no doubt, bagged about his shoes; he was unshaven and weak looking, and all the while he mumbled to himself some unintelligible sounds. I tried to talk with him but could get nothing. He seemed not even to know that I was there, so brain-sick was he. Then I questioned the jail attendants, those dull wiseacres of the law. Had he talked? Did they think he was sane? With the usual acumen and delicacy of this tribe, they were inclined to think he was shamming.

I hurried through dark streets to the office. It was an almost empty reportorial room in which I scribbled my dolorous picture. With the feverish impetuosity of youth and curiosity and sorrow and wonder I told it all, the terror, the pity, the leanness, the inexplicability. As I wrote, each page was taken by Hartung, edited, and sent up. Then, having done perhaps two and a half columns (Bellairs having arrived with various police theories), I was allowed finally to amble out into a dark street and seek my little, dark, miserable room with its creaky bed, its dirty coverlets, its ragged carpets and stained walls, my evening's work done. As I stretched myself out to rest I thought of life and its accidents and tangles and miseries, this terrible tragedy pointing to it, as well as its gauds and glories, illustrated by the ball during the earlier hours. Those girls, how beautiful they were, and those rich young men! Although I had wept while writing my last story, I now lay down with a kind of high pride and satisfaction in it and my description of the ball, and with my life in consequence!

Another thing that impressed me greatly at this time was the kaleidoscopic character of newspaper work,

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which, in my case at least, its personal significance to me, cannot be too much emphasized. As I have said, one day it would be a crime of a lurid or sensational character that would arrest and compel me to think, and the same day, within the hour perhaps, it would be a lecturer or religionist with some fine-spun theory of life, some theosophist like Annie Besant, who in passing through St. Louis on a lecture tour would be at one of the best hotels, usually the Southern, talking transmigration and Nirvana. Again, it would be some mountebank or quack of a low order—a spiritualist, let us say, of the Eva Fay stripe, or a mind reader like Bishop, or a third-rate religionist like the Reverend Sam Jones, who was then in his heyday preaching unadulterated hell, or the arrival of a prizefighter-actor like John L. Sullivan, then only recently defeated by Corbett, or a novelist of the quack order, such as Hall Caine.

Verily these various individuals, including such excellent lecturers as Henry Watterson and Henry M. Stanley, or a musician as excellent as Paderewski, or a scientist of the standing of Nikola Tesla, would keep us all busy. By turns and at different times I was sent to interview my share of these, to get their views on something—anything or nothing really, for my city editor, Mr. Mitchell, seemed at times a little cloudy as to their significance, and certainly I had as yet no clear insight into what most of them truly stood for. I wondered, guessed, made vague stabs at what I thought they represented, and in the main took them seriously enough. My favorite question was what did they think of life, its meaning, since this was uppermost in my mind at the time, and I think I asked it of every one of them, from John L. Sullivan to Annie Besant.

And what a jangle of doctrines! What a noble burst of ideas! Annie Besant, I recall, in a room at the Southern delicately scented with flowers, herself arrayed in a cool silken grey dress, informed me that the age was material, that wealth and show were an illusion based on nothing at all (I wrote that down without understanding what she meant), that the Hindu Swamis had long since solved all this seeming mystery of living, Madame Blavatsky being the most recent and the greatest apostle of wisdom in this matter, and that the great thing to do in this world or the next was to improve one's self spiritually and so eventually attain to Nirvana, nothingness—a word I had to look up afterward.

And Henry Watterson—imagine me at the age of twenty-one trying to interview him when he was in the heyday of his fame and mental powers! Short, stocky, protuberant as to stomach, slightly grey as to hair, gruff and simple in his manner and joyously secure in his fame and prime (he had just the preceding summer said that Cleveland, Democratic candidate of the hour and later elected, was certain to "walk up an alley to a slaughter house and an open grave" and had of course seen his prediction fail), he was convinced that the country was in bad hands, not likely to go to the "demnition bow-wows" as yet but in for a bad corporation-materialistic spell. And when I asked *him* what he thought of life—

"My son, when you get as old as I am you probably won't think so much of it, and you won't be to blame. It's good enough in its way, but it's a damned ticklish business. You may say that Henry Watterson said that if you like. Do the best you can, and don't crowd the other fellow too hard,

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and you'll come out as well as anybody, I suppose."

And then John L. Sullivan, raw, red-faced, big-fisted, broad-shouldered, drunken, with a waistcoat and tie pyrotechnic in the extreme, and rings and pins set with enormous diamonds and rubies—what an impression he made! Entirely surrounded by local "sports" and politicians of the most rubicund and material and even degraded character (he was a great favorite with them), he seemed to me, sitting in his suite at the Lindell, to be the apotheosis of the humorously gross and vigorous and material, even at first glance. Cigar boxes, champagne buckets, decanters, beer bottles, overcoats, collars, and shirts littered the floor; and lolling back in the midst of it all in ease and splendor, his very great self, a sort of prize-fighting J. P. Morgan or John D. Rockefeller.

"Aw, haw! haw! haw!" I can hear him even now when I asked him my favorite question about life, his plans, the value of exercise (!), etc. "He wants to know about exercise! Yuh're all right, young fella, kinda slim, but yuh'll do. Sit down and have some champagne. Have a cigar. Give 'im some cigars, George. These young newspaper men are all all right to me. I'm for 'em. Exercise? What I think? Haw! haw! Write any damned thing yuh please, young fella, and say that John L. Sullivan said so. That's good enough for me. If they don't believe it bring it back here and I'll sign it for yuh. But I know it'll be all right, and I won't stop to read it neither. That suit yuh? Well, all right. Now have some more champagne and don't say I didn't treat yuh right, 'cause I did. I'm ex-champion of the world, defeated by that little dude from California, but I'm still John L. Sullivan—ain't that right? Haw! haw! They can't take that away from me, can they? Haw! haw! Have some more champagne, boy."

I adored him. I would have written anything he asked me to write. I got up the very best article I could and published it, and was told afterward that it was fine.

GREEN LOGS

By Robert J. Roe

WOOD piled on the fire
Makes the little god angry.
He withdraws into himself.
He hisses curses.

He swells—I can see him.

When no longer able to contain himself
He squirts laughter like fire
From every pore.

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

IV: EDNA FERBER

With a Sketch by William Gropper

AT one time, Edna Ferber was in the gravest danger of letting her cleverness run away with her. It might have been her artistic undoing. She would start a short story so brilliantly that one gasped, fearful for the climax of anything so sparklingly begun. But she got over that, and she got over the O. Henry influence. There may be many who will contradict this; certainly there is justification for the opinion that she was an imitator. But she has learned to write her stories backward. She once told an editor who had praised a certain piece of work of hers, that she was certain it was going to turn out a good story because she was able to put down the last sentence before she wrote the first.

I imagine she writes all her stories that way. Turn to "The Maternal Feminine" in her last collection. I would wager anything that the process she employed was the one I have uncovered. But don't spoil a great short story by reading it backward! Then look up "The Gay Old Dog", if you are a man, and wince at the knowledge Edna Ferber has of the male species. How has she learned so much about us? What divination is hers, that she can read the man heart so clearly, understand the loneliness of the old bachelor, the while she also reveals the truth about the unmarried woman in one piercing sentence? It is little short of genius to put these things on paper. If Emma McChesney leaped from the page, and grasped your hand, and lived at your house all the while you read of her, there are likewise dozens of Miss Ferber's characters since those happy days who will always hold a place in your fiction friendships.

Edna Ferber came from a small town. She worked on newspapers in small towns in the middle west; and she has absorbed the people of small towns as few writers since George Ade have done. Indeed, she seems to me quite as important as that great philosopher-humorist, even though she lacks his profound observation.

It is but ten years now since her first short story appeared in "Everybody's Magazine"—one of the best bits of character drawing she has ever done, by the way. It was called "The Homely Heroine", and I think it runs to not over 2,300 words. For it she received the munificent sum of $62.50. She was tickled to death—particularly with the extra fifty cents. She had broken in. The little Kalamazoo girl had arrived. What matter that the check was small? She'd show 'em!

Those who imagine editors are always trying to find ways of keeping young authors in their place, should note what followed in the case of the utterly unknown Edna Ferber. People talked of that yarn. It was passed around in editorial offices, spoken of as the most promising short story since O. Henry's earliest work. There was a mad rush to get Miss Ferber's

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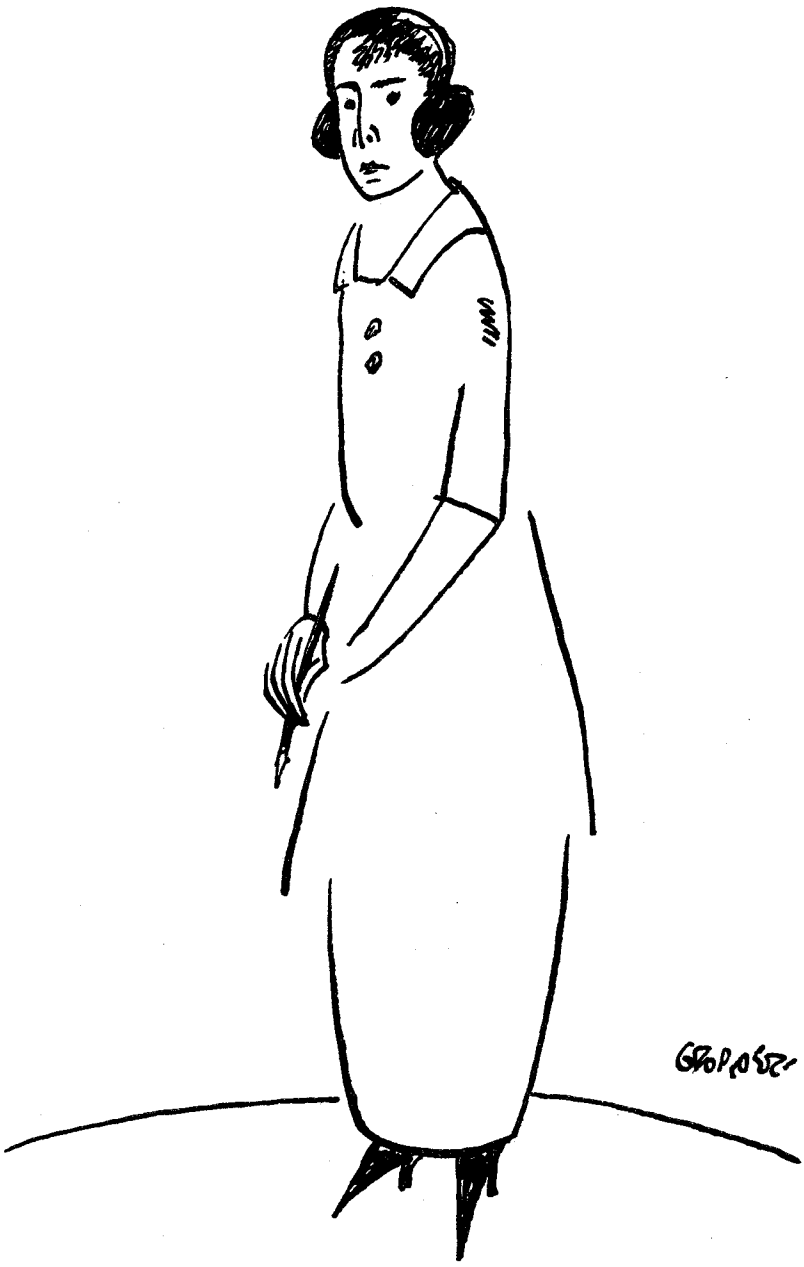

Edna Ferber

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next product. I think importunate telegrams were sent to her. But her head was not turned. She was too wise, too poised, too sensible, even at that early age. You see, when you have knocked about on newspapers in Appleton, Wisconsin, in Milwaukee and Chicago, you take flattery lightly. There are bound to be bumps ahead, for all the momentary clear sailing. But Edna Ferber was not a flash in the pan. Her next story was equally good; and "The American Magazine" got hold of her—one of the editors went west to call upon her, to see who she was, find out what she looked like, after the manner of the modern progressive hunter after fiction. He found a slip of a girl, alert, with brown eyes that glowed like live coals, an abundance of black hair which she slashed right back from a well molded forehead, and a skin like velvet on which cream has been poured. He heard a vibrant voice, that uttered terse, sharp sentences. Sometimes they were too sharp and terse; for Miss Ferber likes her own way, deny it as she will, and never hesitates to say just what she thinks, regardless of whether or not it is wise to do so. Here was a keenness of mind that was refreshing. Edna Ferber exuded health and energy; her answers were apropos, discriminating, final. There was little pose about her. She was just a normal girl with a wild ambition—though she confessed even then that she would rather be an actress than an author. I have seen her give an imitation of Bernhardt that was uncanny—she can even look like the great French tragedienne by the simple process of putting a feather boa around her neck and pulling her hair over her eyes, from which the glasses have been removed.

But the stage was not for her. She took to the pen—or the typewriter, as they all do nowadays—as a Salvation Army lassie to a tambourine; and she sailed in bravely and wrote a novel. It was called "Dawn O'Hara". Miss Ferber herself would tell you not to read it now, she has gone so far beyond it. It was crude and forced and jerky. She was, in those days, essentially a worker in miniatures, and after the near-failure of this maiden effort, she was wise enough to revert to the writing of brief short stories on the order of "The Homely Heroine". They seemed to flow from her pen—typewriter, I mean; but they didn't do anything of the sort. They were the result of most assiduous work. She plugs away every morning of her life, whether she feels like it or not. When she is living in New York, at an uptown hotel, she hurries out before breakfast and gets a brisk walk around the Reservoir in Central Park, to freshen her brain, and think over what she shall do that day. When she is in Chicago, it is the shore of Lake Michigan that feels the patter of her rapid feet as she takes a constitutional around Jackson Park. She divides her time now between these two great cities, and has never been able to say which she likes the better.

Though she lives in hotels, with her mother, she is the most domestic person you can imagine, and she almost resents the prepared food she eats. For she loves to cook, and knows all sorts of tempting recipes. But she says she and her mother cannot be bothered with servant problems; and so they go on living at comfortable apartment hotels, free to come and go as they wish.

For Miss Ferber likes to travel; but she doesn't like to pack her bags without an object in view. Therefore, whenever she decides that she wants a

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trip to the coast, she arranges a neat little reading tour for herself. In this way she appeases that never dormant desire to express herself histrionically. And how she does read her own stories! Women's clubs who have been lucky enough to capture her, have always felt more than rewarded. She knows "The Gay Old Dog" practically by heart. She merely puts the book on a table near her, as an orator places his notes by his plate for occasional reference, and then plunges into the story, like the true artiste she is, and gets her effects through dramatic pauses which many a professional actress might do well to study and emulate. She can imitate almost any dialect; and shop girl slang is heaven to her. I really think that the stage lost a great character actress when literature claimed Edna Ferber.

After the immense vogue of the McChesney stories, it was inevitable that they would be dramatized. George V. Hobart collaborated with their creator; and Ethel Barrymore played the leading rôle for two years, with enormous success. Since then, Miss Ferber has written but one play, and that again in collaboration. Newman Levy and she got an idea-of-the-moment in the small salaries paid to college professors in American universities; under the title of "$1,200 a Year" they tore off a comedy that was tried out and came to grief on the road; but it lives within the pages of a volume, and is well worth looking up. Parts of it are astonishingly clever. I think the trouble with it was that too few people, immersed as they all were in their own tragic financial difficulties, gave a hang what salaries college professors were paid. It is not what might be called a burning question. And it was not an altogether actable play. Maybe it was written too hastily. It is curious how many fiction writers think that a play is an easy method of expression.

There are those who abominate Miss Ferber's cocksureness, her too-scintillating phrases, her measured determination always to be apt and smart. I can see perfectly how certain of her stories would grate on certain people; but beyond that surface glitter and shine there is always, to me at least, a realization of her understanding of, and sympathy for, the plain folk she writes about. She loves humanity, and is unafraid to reveal her love. A waiter, a manicure, a tired Cook's tourist, an ex-convict, a seamstress, a milliner—all these claim her heart; and she can put them on paper in blinding, vivid paragraphs, and cause you to exclaim, "Why, I know a person just like that!" Sometimes she is too photographic; and then again often she slurs over some character in whom you have become greatly interested. For some reason he or she has not held Miss Ferber, and so it's out of the story for that unfortunate. I am thinking particularly of the poet, in "The Girls". There was not nearly enough of him.

And speaking of that flaming novel of Chicago, how Miss Ferber must be chuckling at those critics of hers who have insistently reiterated that she was not big enough to write anything sustained. Oh yes, they were prompt to praise her collections under such titles as "Buttered Side Down", "Half Portions", "Roast Beef Medium", and "Personality Plus"—a goodly showing, when you come to think of it, even though the titles might be found fault with by the discriminating and oversensitive. Is there a little cheapness in such names of books? I have heard critics deplore her tendency to be downright common. She has played

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to the gallery, they contend; she is too fond of the newspaper method, too anxious to seem to know it all. "She's fresh",—and I use the word in its double sense,—was the way one critic put it. All her books have gone into several editions, and there is no doubt that Miss Ferber could go on indefinitely reaching a loyal public through her short stories alone. But she is not content to remain in a groove. "The Girls" formed in her active brain as a cameo; but it got away from her, swept her off her feet after she began it, and she found page after page rustling from her machine. Then one day, having shut off the telephone for weeks, she discovered on her desk a full-fledged novel, which "The Woman's Home Companion" wanted as a serial, at a most gratifying price. And now the astute reviewers of the land are hailing it as one of the finest novels of the year—Heywood Broun, F. P. A., Percy Hammond, and a host of others are loud in their praise of it.

It is so far ahead of "Fanny Herself" that one wonders where Miss Ferber will go in the next ten years. If she can travel that fast, there's no telling what broad highway she may take. For her art has ripened; and in depicting the manless household of the Thrift girls, on Chicago's South Side, she has torn down not only one wall, but all four, and allowed the whole world not to peep but to see openly those three generations of lonely women. The story mounts with every chapter; and Miss Ferber's clean-cut style, held beautifully in check, exactly suits the material at her hand. She pounds in her effects, makes these "girls" walk down the streets with you, turn windy corners with you; and she causes the old Chicago to pass in a panorama before your eyes. The scene wherein the soldiers of the Civil War march away from the Lake City is tremendous—a whirlwind of action. And all the threads are finally gathered up—as the critics all said a mere short story writer couldn't gather them. They are not only gathered, they are tied in a deft knot, and one is left with a feeling of complete satisfaction. It is Miss Ferber's triumph that she has accomplished this tour de force. Yet was it artistic to cover so long a period of time in so short a compass? There are moments in "The Girls" when you feel the nervous desire of the short story writer to whittle to the bone. It might have been a greater book if she had expanded more, and compressed with less anxiety.

Edna Ferber is known for her reliability in her dealings with editors. If she is asked to finish a certain piece of work by four o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, at four o'clock on the Tuesday afternoon the completed product is on the editorial desk. She says it is just as easy to be businesslike as not. Her newspaper training, no doubt. Her letters accompanying her manuscripts are often as clever as the manuscripts themselves. Her abrupt beginnings and endings are a joy. There's never a wasted word.

She motors in Chicago as if she had done it all her life—loops around the puzzling Loop with ease and grace; and her passenger doesn't even hold his breath when she swings into throbbing Michigan Avenue and darts out to the South Side, or over toward Evanston.

Like all successful authors, Miss Ferber has had innumerable offers to write directly for the screen. What captions she could do! She spent a few months in Hollywood, wrote a fine article about her impressions of that mad little colony, and incidentally sold

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the motion picture rights to two or three of her books. But her mother was almost killed in a motor accident on one of the boulevards, and they experienced a definite trembling of the earth; and altogether Miss Ferber felt she would be more at home in the middle west; so they packed up and shipped back to Chicago. She says, very wisely, that if any of her material is suitable for screen production, there it is to purchase; but she hasn't the time nor the inclination to spend her energy on scenarios. It is the right attitude to take; when every author realizes that it is foolish to try to serve two masters, both books and motion pictures will be all the better.

Miss Ferber has many friends. I heard her say, with her usual frankness, to a good-looking young man, "You're handsome, yes—but you're stupid." Afterward he told me that he was afraid of her, but found such candor refreshing. She will dance, when she is seeking copy, in the lowest of Chicago "dives", with Carl Sandburg or Ben Hecht or Harry Hansen or young Gene Markey; and the next evening she will be at the smartest dinner, talking brilliantly with these same men, enjoying each party with equal gusto. She likes Fanny Butcher's Book Shop, and all the people in it; and when she comes east she hobnobs with Franklin P. Adams, William Gillette, Rutger Jewett, Albert A. Boyden (when he isn't in Poland), Julian Street, Charles Hanson Towne, Alexander Woollcott, and many others who make New York the shining spot it is. But much as she cares for social life, she cares more for good honest hard work. That is why she is one of the highest priced short story writers in the whole country today. She refuses to produce too much, believing that the best one is capable of cannot be written hastily to meet the needs of waiting markets. I know of one editor who, eager for her work, left a signed blank contract with her. She had but to fill in the figures and return it to him. She confesses that the temptation was great; but she did not feel that she could do her best under such conditions and so the contract went back—unsigned by her.

Do you get a picture of Edna Ferber from that little story?

WHITE VIOLETS

By Sara Haardt

I LAID hot thoughts of you
Between cool petals of white violets
That grew pale-lidded in a hidden place,
And knew their scentless breaths would leave no trace—
Like crimson roses breathed upon.

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MURRAY HILL REPORTS BOOKMAN WEEK

With Thumbnail Sketches by William Gropper, William Saphier, Dwight Taylor, and E. T. Middleditch.

NEW YORK, *November*, 1921.

Joseph C. Lincoln

I don't have to read anything any more to keep up with literary matters. I just go around and hear the speeches and find out all about everything. It's a wonderful season for speeches. The movies and the literary speakers combined will probably within a fairly short time "do for" reading altogether.

Last week I was at the Book and Play Luncheon arranged by Emma P. Mills in honor of J. C. Squire, editor of "The London Mercury". All this week I have listened attentively every afternoon from half-past two until five to the speakers in the auditorium of John Wanamaker's store. It has been BOOKMAN WEEK there. And a most excellent affair it has been. Next week on one day I attend a memorial meeting in honor of John Burroughs held by the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the speakers to be Henry Fairfield Osborn, Bliss Perry, John H. Finley, and Hamlin Garland. And on the following day I go to the laying of the corner stone of the Academy's permanent home, by Marshal Foch. There are a number of other things, too, which I will tell you about later.

At the Biltmore I found a remarkable number of haughty hotel attendants, apparently stationed for that purpose at frequent intervals, relaying literary luncheon guests to the Music Room. In the immediate approach to this room I discovered Miss Mills chatting with a couple of boyish looking young men whom I did not recognize. She presented me to them. I failed to hear their names, and for a moment I wondered who they might be. They seemed to be rather shy, spoke very softly, appeared to hold close together, and were in informal dress. Then I grasped the matter. They were Mr. Squire and Alan P. Herbert, English novelist. Mr. Herbert's recent book, "The House by the River", I have heard very highly praised, but I have chanced not to read it.

Now I had heard a great deal of Mr. Squire as (something like this the phrase ran) "the most influential literary man in London". I fancied a personage who behind the scenes could make or break any author over night. A man of awful power in English literary politics. I pictured London literary society cringing before his majestic tread. Perhaps I expected him to present the dominating figure of a Tammany chieftain. At any rate, I was considerably surprised by the mildness of his aspect, and the decidedly retiring character of his manner.

"This seems to be a very literary hotel," I observed. "The last time I was here," I said, "was when I made

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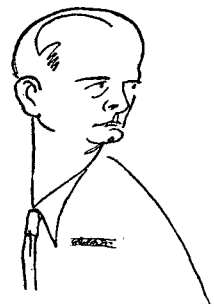

Frederick O'Brien

a call upon Mr. Chesterton." "You couldn't meet a better man," Mr. Squire replied, reverently shaking his head. "He is the best there is," he added.

Henry Seidel Canby, editor of "The Literary Review" of the New York "Evening Post", in the course of his well-turned address, ran rapidly over the various periods of American literature, leaving us today, as we hold, with a native American literature, unimitative of our parent English literature. Doctor Canby speaks with rattling energy and, so to say, right out of his head. Mr. Squire has very dark hair. He is of medium build or, in the pugilistic term, a light middleweight. He arose slowly, not as though he found any zest in public speaking. He stood throughout his talk somewhat inclined forward, much of the time slyly peering down at notes before him on the table. But if he doesn't particularly enjoy talking, his hearers generally, I think, do. In his remarks he came around to the matter of imitativeness in literature. He thought it was well for one not to try to write like Tennyson, or like Thackeray; but he thought it was not well for one to try *not* to write like Tennyson, or Thackeray, or any other writer. He did not think there was so much difference between American literature and English literature as you might think. Nothing fundamental. In America, he said, in New England, in the middle west, in our California, as in England and everywhere else, the basic story of a man's life was very much the same story.

He was not dramatic in manner, he employed no tricks of emphasis, but he was in effect exceedingly eloquent. A man was born, he had a childhood upon which he looked back with more or less of a degree of tenderness, he probably fell in love, usually he married, commonly he had children, he looked forward to old age, and beyond that was a mystery which must concern him all his days. And was not that the essence of his life everywhere? The simplicity with which this was said somehow made it very striking.

The briefest address I think I ever heard was made by Franklin P. Adams. He had come not expecting to be made to speak. He arose, very reluctantly, in response to a clamorous demand for him to talk. He prefaced about twenty-five words by the statement that this was the "first speech" he had ever made. Among others who talked very well were Hamlin Garland, Professor John Erskine, and Mr. Herbert. Professor Erskine always has beautiful clothes. In the introduction of Mr. Herbert I learned that he is one of the editors of "Punch". There seem to be many editors of "Punch", and apparently they all have very pleasant editorial jobs. E. V. Lucas, who made a trip across this continent last year in a tour of the world, is an editor of "Punch".

Captain Traprock

The BOOKMAN LITERARY WEEK opened on a Monday with "Fiction Day". It opened to a packed house. A most interesting audience it was that had turned up for a book affair.

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Very catholic. Numerous well-known authors and editors to be seen here and there; charming flappers all about; hosts of substantial looking middle-aged and elderly people; a youthful Japanese not far from me; and in one corner a couple of young negroes. A striking thing was the large proportion of able bodied and active looking men present at literary doings. As an able bodied, active looking man I have more than frequently felt decidedly lonely at literary gatherings.

Those on the program but not at the moment performing were kept behind a richly dark stage curtain falling in noble folds. Before this curtain suddenly appeared a couple very entertaining in contrasting effect—lithe and agile, featherweight John Farrar, editor of THE BOOKMAN, and the looming, rolling figure of Heywood Broun. Mr. Broun wore a very negligée collar. While Mr. Farrar was introducing him he sat relaxed forward, his elbows on his knees, and smiled in a quaintly intimate way at the audience. Remarkably black hair. Very swarthy complexion. Effect in general curious. Looks like a mammoth elf, if those terms can be combined. Ambled up and down as he talked. And, much of the time, clasped his jowls in his hand. Andrew Lang was so productive that he was accused of being a syndicate of writers. Mr. Broun's productivity certainly is at least equally bewildering. It is difficult to remember offhand all the publications in which he is a regular feature. Alexander Woollcott one time remarked of his mind that it was a huge vat into which everything was poured.

Mr. Broun talked about the books which he regarded as the "first ten" novels of recent publication. He began with "Alice Adams", and included among others, "Three Soldiers", "The Beginning of Wisdom", "Messer Marco Polo", "Mr. Waddington of Wyck", "Dangerous Ages", and "If Winter Comes".

It is, of course, quite impossible to report in any detail a packed program filling six whole afternoons. All naturally that I can undertake to do is to try to reflect something of the spirit of this strikingly successful affair. A few personages whose names appeared on the printed program failed to arrive; but as the week proceeded Mr. Farrar inducted into his show a considerable string of acts not originally announced. So well did it all go off that I think next year the enterprise should be a BOOKMAN LITERARY MONTH. On Wednesday the weather was exceedingly foul, but there was standing room only in the auditorium and not an abundance of that.

An immensely taking feature of the program was the presentation on divers days of bits of the art of the theatre. There was much hilarity and excellent acting in the one-act play "What Is Your Dangerous Age?", a burlesque by Otto Liveright and Beatrice Kaufman on Rose Macaulay's book. The audience witnessed the psychoanalyzing of a number of ladies. The cast included Dorothy Nathan, Leah Javne, Tom Powers, Juliet Brenon, and Blanche Hays. Far and away the most entertaining dragon I ever saw was valiantly slain to save a distressed maiden in the Marionette Theatre production of "Orlando Furioso" under the direction of Remo Bufano. On a stage embellished with South Sea paintings from Jerome Blum's collection Dr. Traprock appeared in person (completely outfitted in the most approved explorer's equipment) and told the story of the cruise

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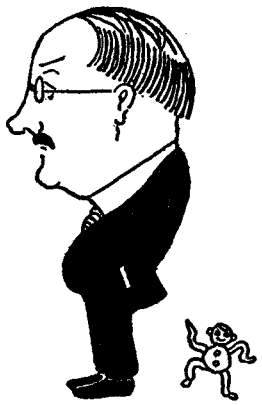
of the "Kawa", to the accompaniment of gigantic lantern slides. The title of Expeditionary Editor of THE BOOKMAN had just previously been conferred upon him. He was followed by Mrs. Traprock (née Margaret Severn) in a dance which was all that a South Sea dance ought to be, whether or not a South Sea dance is all that. That was on "Travel Day", when Harry Franck and Frederick O'Brien were the first speakers. It was a remarkable retreat that Mr. O'Brien made from the public gaze at the end of his talk. He came through the parting in the curtain (I was behind it) at one leap. Then he and his fellow intrepid adventurer Mr. Franck fell to discussing the harrowing adventure of making speeches. Other brave explorers in the region of oratory were Sydney and Marjorie Barstow Greenbie, Arthur Guiterman, Marguerite Harrison, Hector Mac Quarrie, and Robert Cortes Holliday. On "Drama Day" the Provincetown Players appeared in "Trifles" by Susan Glaspell. Teresa Helburn spoke on the work of the Theatre Guild, and introduced Eva Le Gallienne, the charming heroine of "Liliom". Cornelia Otis Skinner had much to relate of Ibáñez, with special reference to "Blood and Sand". And Frank Craven gave the audience merry greeting.

On the day devoted to poetry Clare Eames gave a scene from Sidney Howard's splendid play "Swords", and Folk Songs of All Nations were presented by the Young Women's Christian Association. Marguerite Wilkinson spoke on the poets of the fall, many of whom were present to read from their works. We were glad to see the three Benéts,—William Rose, Stephen Vincent, and their sister Laura,—Amanda Hall, Aline Kilmer, Bernice Lesbia Kenyon, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Leonora Speyer, Jean Starr Untermeyer, Margaret Widdemer, John V. A. Weaver, Archie Austin Coates, and John Hall Wheelock.

"Children's Day" was made memorable by the appearance of Palmer Cox and Gelett Burgess, who had something to say about their respective literary offspring, the Brownies and the Goops. Other friends of the children were there, too: Annie Carroll Moore, Anna Cogswell Tyler, Algernon Tassin, and Elmer Russell Gregor. And the following youngsters presented "A Story Book Fantasy" by Eleanor Schorer, with a dance arranged by Mrs. Carter-Waddell.



Gelett Burgess

The Nurse	Helen Shea
Beth	Natalie Purvin
Buddy	Bernard Cohen
Author	Harry Tartalsky
Queen	Victoria Gilpin
Prince	Sherwood Clements
Clown	Chester Herman
Singer	Nancy Neilsen
Villain	William Shea
Witch	Janet Meyer
First Page	Louise Mele
Second Page	Florence Gunther
Fairy (dancer)	Josephine Waddell
Priest	Max Rubin
Fiddler	Doris Scott

I wish I had space to do justice to the antics of the clown, the terrifying powers of the witch, the loveliness of

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the fairy, and other delightful impersonations, but I must hurry along.

The BOOKMAN LITERARY WEEK doubtless left a great many people grateful for much excellent entertainment provided free of any charge for

Jean Starr Untermeyer

admission; it is very likely that it left a good number of people stimulated with a greater interest in books than they had before; and it must have left the habitual reader thoroughly awakened to the fact that things in our literature are not as they were. The spirit of a new day echoed throughout the week's program.

Henry Aikman, a square-cut young man with an effect of much very white collar and very sizable spectacles, early on Monday brought into view the "epidemic" of young authors....More young Americans writing novels than ever before....A fine thing, he thought. Owen Johnson declared that every author realizes that he faces a different audience than before the war....Different in its conception of its relations to the family and to the state....Different in its ideas of nationalism and internationalism....The next ten years will see a new world.... The idea of his recent book "The Wasted Generation" was that that generation to which he belonged had failed to come out with the leadership that should have "been ours"....We now stood on the threshold of a forward movement. A stocky chap, Mr. Johnson, a hint of baldness at the crown of his head, who as he speaks stands with folded arms. Alexander Black proved to be a graceful speechmaker. Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, of Columbia University, in an animated discussion of the present trends of the short story, was the fastest talker on the whole program. Bob Nathan appeared for a brief moment. And Fannie Hurst, who appeared to have been shot into the elevator from a taxicab caught at the Grand Central Station six minutes before, made a dashing picture.

Joseph Lincoln, who was scheduled to appear on Monday but did not arrive until the following day, which was devoted to the theme of "the younger generation in literature", remarked that in this situation he felt like a typographical error. Fine, hearty fellow, rather hoarse voice, hands in pockets. Well, there is a whole lot to this younger generation business but there was too enthusiastic a response to Mr. Lincoln and his salt-savor stories of old line Cape Codders for anyone to get the notion that it is the whole works.

Mr. Farrar stated that the purpose of this day's program was "to visualize for you that there is an awakening in literary life". A good deal of liveliness was given to the afternoon when it developed that the plan of it presented a sort of game, or debate, between two somewhat contrasting teams, so to say. That is, several quite recently arrived at considerable distinction in the literary affairs of the country, had their say as to what they considered their generation felt it was trying to do. And several

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J. V. A. Weaver

others who have been prominent in this field for a more or less longer time had been invited to comment upon the activities of the younger writers from the position of their perspective. There seems to be, however, some shuffling up of the various "generations" of our literary men. Dr. Canby, who had been introduced by Mr. Garland at the Biltmore luncheon as something very like a young radical, was here presented as, so to put it, a figure belonging to the old guard of literary traditions. It struck me that Dr. Canby was remarkably graceful in both rôles.

John Erskine sprang a generation yet to come into the fray. He dwelt on the real promise of "even younger writers than these children you are to look at today"....The writing that goes on in the public and private schools....What aptitude those students have!...A phenomenon!... Shortly our country in general will be as normally artistic as any. The new group was in the van guard today. He had envy for the young groups, for the opportunity they have, and applause for the use they were making of it. It was to be noticed that they were all friends....Great deal of chumminess among them all. ...A writer in *his* younger years had no companions in misery....No kindly interest of others of the same age as today. Perhaps there was a danger of the present little groups admiring each other too much. They admired each other, indeed, but what else did they admire? Their books were mostly disagreeable. Then he came upon what he very frankly called a stricture. There had been a hope that our literature would get out of preaching. But the younger generation was the most Puritanical we ever had.... Didn't preach about the same things the Puritans preached about....But the feeling just as strong....Trying to reform us....We were waiting for some interest in art as art—not opportunity to criticize social relations. Poetry was altogether given over to the poet's personal symptoms....Remarkable confessions. ...In which, perhaps, the ladies excel. The best day for American literature would be when American literature portrayed American life with enthusiasm.

John Hall Wheelock

Palmer Cox

Donald Ogden Stewart has a striking platform manner. Marches up and down, up and down, with steady even tread, from first to last, talking over his shoulder. Slender supple figure. Lightly scoffing humor. He would tell a fable....The fable had no moral....Because the younger generation had no morals....They had irony. ...But sentimentality went out with the younger generation....They were disillusioned....Perhaps it was the war that disillusioned them....One of the nice things about that was that the further away from the war you were the more disillusioned you could be.... There is only one illusion the younger generation wants to hang on to....If they become disillusioned about disillusionment there'll be little left of the younger generation. Then he told his fable. It was calculated to disillusion the elder generation of critics concerning the advantage of their perspective. Dorothy Speare, whose book "Dancers in the Dark" has been said to be a re-

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ply to "This Side of Paradise", explained that what she was up to was an attempt to interpret the young girl of today. At the age of ten she had written a novel of marriage. When she showed hesitation in showing it to a gentleman who had asked to see it, and he told her that he was sure she need not be ashamed of it, her reply had been, No, but she feared it would startle him.

John Weaver contended that it was a wrong idea that the younger generation had no precedents, that they were jumping off a spring board into the air. They read, but they read Conrad, not Wordsworth....Wordsworth had died because he forced the moral.... The younger generation looked not at anything as either good or bad....And got the name of révoltés because they would not accept the old "bromidiums" and platitudes....The younger generation had gone through the war in service, coming into active life when the war came....And the kind of world which let such a war come was not the kind of world they liked....Why not kick to change it?

Dana Burnet struck a note which there are divers indications we shall hear more and more of shortly. Impressively earnest young man; aggressive manner; sturdy build; heavy voice. He observed that we heard so much of the new realism that it was time that somebody should say a word about the new romanticism. He had just written a romantic novel. And as the romantic writer had become such an abject figure, he would say a word for him. The romantic writer of a little while ago *was* an absurd figure. ...Because he used a drug store kind of fiction formula....And the revolt against him had inclined the present generation toward their attitude, defined as a realistic movement....But realism was merely turning over soil which would produce a new movement. ...The ancient romantic writer became highly moral in his message.... The new movement didn't know where to hit the recent romantic writer, so it disowned him altogether....There was danger of the new cult doing away with imagination....Art was not a department of life but a form of life.... Romantic writer was a poor name, anyhow....The really imaginative, creative artist belonged to all ages and all times....He gave not merely an imitation of life, but life itself.

In Dr. Canby's "definition" of the younger novelists they were young romanticists who had grown up in an atmosphere of suspicion....Things did not seem to them to be what they were said to be....In what happened to them they found evidence that the United States was wrong, and they put it down as evidence....They put down everything that happened to them because they knew more about that than anything else....And the result was a new kind of book....Not Zola realism....A romantic attempt to free their souls. Henry Sell, in his celebrated young-man-about-the-liveliest-spots-in-town style, considered pure literature versus commerce, and recalled his instructions to Stephen Vincent Benét to give him "something for the illustrator to get his teeth into". He was followed by John Bishop, managing editor of "Vanity Fair", and Bob Duffus, lately arrived on the New York "Globe"....But, as I said before, I can attempt to give only the gist of what went on in this week's affair.

MURRAY HILL

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THE LONDONER

New Year's Resolutions for Publishers and Authors—J. D. Beresford—The Passing of the Romantic Novelists—Four Noteworthy New Books—A. Clutton Brock.

LONDON, *November* 1, 1921.

BY the time these notes appear, I suppose, everybody in America will be thinking of good resolutions for 1922. Why one should make resolutions is not clear. It is only an annoyance, and other people are so annoying that it seems hardly worth while to make an enemy of one's self. However, the thing is "done", and will be "done" as long as human beings are imperfect and aspiring. One of my resolutions is to write a good book. It will be seen that this is an ambitious and hopeless scheme. But not more hopeless than many of the plans to be made in good faith by Americans on the first of January. It would be better to confine all such aims to the simplest possible desires, for there is no sense in discouraging one's self by wild plots against one's own happiness and self-complacency.

All publishers will probably determine to publish only good and successful books during 1922. They will be sure to plan to give deserving authors the highest possible royalty upon each and every copy sold of every book in their lists. And authors will set themselves to give publishers and the public only the very best work that they can do. It is a dream. Even if an author is capable of doing good work, he cannot control himself. He has his fits of sterility, his exhaustions, his unsuitable subjects, his momentary stupidities, his personal difficulties which reflect themselves in his work for good or ill. Does anybody ever think of that in reading his books? I believe not. After all, why should they? The work is to be judged upon its merits. It is offered to us for our delight, and we cannot judge it upon humanitarian grounds. And yet when one hears the circumstances in which some work is done (especially literary work) it does occasionally seem as though there should be a special clause in every criticism allowing for the author's personal weariness. I know that in my own case I never make any allowance for difficulties affecting the work I am considering. I say to myself, "Is this a good book?" and if it does not seem so I do not consider whether the author had a headache or a cold or a fit of the blues or indigestion. The point has often been urged before by wits such as Gilbert that the jester has to go on entertaining, even though he has trouble on hand, and Mr. Prohack, the hero of Bennett's new novel, makes a similar remark. But when all is said and done the writer, unless he is a journalist writing against time, has plenty of opportunity to change what he has written in a bad mood, so perhaps we should not offer him our sympathy without some exceedingly searching inquiry.

The great thing, then, for the writer, is first of all to wish and intend that there shall be no bad work from his pen during the year; but a further resolve should be that he will take each piece of work he does and

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revise it with the greatest care before it comes before the public and the critics. If he has produced it in a low state of vitality then the offending passages must be rewritten. I wonder how many writers are spartan enough for that resolve! Not many of the young ones, I am afraid. Yet it is their only real chance of salvation. I wonder if I shall follow my own advice!

One great thing to resolve upon is to live somewhere remote from man. I do not mean in enmity to the species, but merely in a place where other people cannot molest you. For example, there is a pianist, a well-known pianist, called Herbert Fryer. This young man gives lessons in singing and piano playing all day. He also presumably practises playing the piano himself. He is just bringing an action in the law courts to restrain his next door neighbor from making horrible noises, such as playing the piano (jazz music) and rattling coppers in a tin, as it is an annoyance to him. I can appreciate the other man's emotions. I make very little noise except when in my bath each morning, but I live in what I believe Americans call an apartment, while we call such things "flats". I make no comment upon either word. Yesterday, as I was trying to work, the woman next door began to play hymns, and followed with Rachmaninov's "Prelude" and other vocal and instrumental items—very loud. This morning there seems to be a removal in progress—not of human remains, as one might imagine, but of furniture. What is to be done? Make this resolution for the New Year: never live within a quarter of a mile of another person whose actions you cannot control. What matter if the pipes freeze, or you have to go without food for a day or two? These hardships are as nothing. Besides, you would never get any help from the woman next door, anyway. I think poorly of her. She seems to me to represent all that is most unpleasant in human nature. Yet we meet and bow on the stairs—hypocritically on my part, with condescension upon hers. It may be asked whether one of my New Year resolutions should not be in favor of greater charity toward my neighbors. I accept the rebuke.

* * * *

And now what has the new year to offer in the way of books which will stir the world? I do not know. I do not hear of anything stirring in England at the present time. The other day I met a famous poet. I had just been told that he was depressed at inability to work. I said to him, "What are you doing?" He said, airily, "Oh, I'm writing two novels and a play." I did not believe him. But his condition is very much that of all the writers of this blessed country. All are writing little, as far as I can gather. This is the time for all those young geniuses of whom we hear so much. They have practically a clear field. They can shower their masterpieces upon us unimpeded. We shall not protest. We have not the energy to do so. They can have the field to themselves.

Meanwhile there has just appeared a book by a Frenchman which says some good things about modern English writers. It is called "Le Roman Anglais de Notre Temps", and the author's name is Abel Chevalley. The book is published by the Oxford University Press, in French. Monsieur Chevalley goes steadily through the novelists of olden time, with a good deal of appreciation. His remarks about several of them are delightful, and he is capable of doing justice to

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both Jane Austen and the Brontës. He is distinctly summary in his treatment of Sir Walter Scott, which is a mistake, and shows inadequate reading. He is more just, however, to all the other great writers of English novels, and he comes at length to the present day. There are four great writers of novels in England, he says, and the order, dictated no doubt by the familiarity of French readers with the work of these five men, in which they appear in the book is this: Rudyard Kipling, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, and Joseph Conrad. Among the younger writers he selects two who are nearly as old as the five—J. D. Beresford and Oliver Onions—as the best we can offer in the way of successors. Beresford, in fact, he praises very highly indeed, and all who like the work of Beresford will rejoice to find it so truly and so sympathetically appraised. As Beresford is coming to New York very shortly it will not be out of place if American readers see what is said of his novels by so acute a critic. He is described as the most intelligent and the most understanding of the younger novelists, and his book "Housemates" is chosen for extended analysis. The criticism is penetrating and just, and if Monsieur Chevalley is something less than enthusiastic about several other writers of greater popularity than Beresford, none of these will grudge their friend the applause to which all feel that he is entitled.

* * * *

As is well known, and as I have myself indicated in these notes before now, Beresford is reader and adviser to the English publishers William Collins and Company. It is he who is primarily responsible for the publication by this firm of such writers as Walter de la Mare and Rose Macaulay. He must also have had a hand in the acceptance of that remarkable first novel of Japanese life, "Kimono". He is one of the men who are responsible for the maintenance of a high literary standard in the works issued under the imprint of the firms for whom they work. Just recently he has given up his house in the country, and with his wife and three sons has come to live in the West End of London. He is one of the quiet novelists. Others are more ebullient, more assertive of their personalities; he remains a man to learn by slow stages, to know better and to discover. It is a pleasant change. Too many of our young novelists are full and bursting with energy. My own friends are. So are the junior novelists and poets. They are simply overwhelming. There is no peace within half a mile of them. They are exuberant, cheerful, riotous. Some of them have loud voices and great heartiness, some of them have enormous egotism. Beresford is different. He may have his egotism, but he does not force it upon his company, and the quiet humor of his general outlook might be mistaken for coolness if it were not so manifestly sincere. If one goes, as I do, for sincerity to the people from whom one gets the best satisfaction, then Beresford is an ideal friend. Quiet, a little dry, but always alert and sympathetic, he bears knowing as some of the others do not. That is to say, he does not offend one's own egotism. He has his own guards against its vigor. No doubt that makes him all the better novelist, for detachment is a rare gift.

* * * *

A man who is better liked in England as a personality than as a novelist has just died. I refer to H. B. Marriott-Watson. He was a survivor of the old days of Henley, and one

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might have gathered this from his sympathies and his distaste for work that is rather later than Henley in its popular acceptance. Marriott-Watson was at one time the friend of both Barrie and Wells, but I have not seen anything of him for years, and I believe that he had fallen rather out of the world in his later days. Work he continued to do up to the last, and books from his pen were features of various publishing seasons; but these books had none of the fire and energy of his earlier days. They tended, although still romantic in flavor, to become more ordinary in tone. This was a pity when one remembers how excellent in their own way were his tales of "The High Toby" and "Galloping Dick". He had a real love for the open road, and a real admiration for those who followed it as a means of livelihood. That he would have been sympathetic to the modern equivalents of his heroes I do not believe. This, however, is one of the ironies attending the life of the romantic writer, that the Robin Hoods and Dick Turpins of our day have such an air of being sordid criminals. I should rather like to see a story about a romantic apostle of the High Toby brought into contact with one who in these days follows the road and by chance inflicts his attentions upon the man who has celebrated the calling. Enough! Marriott-Watson had his own romance, a romance not without its comic and tragic aspects, and he remained staunch in spite of all. At one time he used to write the novel reviews for "The Athenæum", and queer stuff some of his critical judgments were. But they were honest. They may have been mistaken, but they were really what he thought about the books which he had been reading. And in general they were not unkind. They were even generous. To my own first book he was more than kind, probably because he saw that it was a first book. To the second he was less kind. It belonged more markedly to the variety of novel which for Marriott-Watson was branded with the mark of Cain. Later, he instituted an immortal parallel between the work of Mrs. Humphry Ward and John Galsworthy. Nobody could have called him a good critic. He did not, I imagine, want to be so regarded. What he was, in all aspects, was a sincere—even an aggressively sincere—expresser of what he felt to be the truth. This trait may have lost him friends. Not all men want to hear what those who do not approve of them regard as the bitter truth.

* * * *

Indeed the stock of writers surviving from those romantic far-off days of the picturesque novel is seriously depleted. Few of them remain to us, even in the flesh, let alone in the publishing lists. Anthony Hope we still have, of course, and one of the play producing societies announces a drama from him to be performed within the next week or two. Of a novel there is at present no sign. Stanley Weyman is still alive, but is silent. Gilbert Parker is in America, and has changed his style of writing. Quiller-Couch is a professor at Cambridge, and is no more a regular novelist. He is still, of course, a show for visitors at Fowey in Cornwall; but I think that must be a tax upon his good-nature. Of course —also—the fact that he has so identified himself with the duchy of Cornwall is responsible for much of this vomiting of visitors. Fowey is a holiday resort, and "Q's" house is right opposite the principal hotel in the town. He may be seen coming out of the house at all times during the holi-

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day season for the purpose of posting replies to those admirers who have written for his autograph. And he must by this time have realized that when one is a popular writer one has no right to any privacy or domesticity. But "Q" is peculiarly handicapped. He is very short-sighted, and so he cannot see and avoid those who would waylay him. He is helpless in their grip. He is easy prey. And not only because of his blindness. For his geniality and kindliness as well. To see him in Fowey, always, during the summer, in yachting costume—since boating is the great delight of his life—is to see a warm-hearted survival of a warm-hearted day. But I must qualify the meaning of the word *survival.* Nobody would take "Q" for an old man. He is not. He is the most popular professor of literature that there has ever been, I should suppose, at either of the English universities.

* * * *

There is no doubt which new novel has been most talked of in London this autumn. It is "Vera". And naturally, for there has probably never been a book so made for discussion among the better informed readers of this city. It is a study of marriage most ingeniously and devastatingly wrought by a master hand. The portraits of the three actors in the book are all drawn with a sureness possible only to one who etches unerringly. It is a very brilliant work, not kind, not warm-hearted, but convulsingly diverting. I should suggest that it is by far the best of the author's recent books. Lady Russell is now back in London, not as the novelist and author of the season's most amusing and pulverizing book, but as one of the most charming and witty hostesses and guests to be found in the whole of London social life.

Another book, which I have only just seen, but which is bound to arouse the greatest interest and even, for one reason, discussion, is Hugh Walpole's "The Young Enchanted". This, as I think I have mentioned in these notes already, is a different sort of book from the novels which Walpole has recently been writing. But admirers of "The Green Mirror", which I believe is the author's own favorite among his books, will be overjoyed to hear that the Trenchards are well represented in the book. In fact it is all about two of them. But further, Walpole has been trying his hand at portraiture—or so I gather—and it will be amusing to hear how the victims of his quite kindly satire will respond. Such things can have comparatively slight interest for American readers of the novel, since they will probably not be able to identify the persons in the book. But they can all guess, and after all that is better than actually knowing, for it provides an added entertainment. The book itself, as one may guess from the title, is by way of being a modern fairy tale, and while critics may be disconcerted by such a work from Walpole I think there is no doubt that his readers will enjoy the book very much. It is really quite in key with all his other work, but it is mixed with perhaps a lighter hand, so that the characters are all subject to adventures which would not be in place in a strictly realistic novel. They are none the worse for that. They may be all the more human. At any rate, they will be the more endearing, because if there is one thing which atones for our own lack of romantic adventures it is the appreciation of the romantic adventures of others.

* * * *

A novel has just been published here

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by one who is, I think, among the very best and most delicate of all the writers whom America has given to the world. I refer to "Adrienne Toner", by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. This book is the story of the arrival of a young American girl into a circle of nice and genial English well-bred middle-class people. It is not the sort of book which one would expect from such a description, and so I warn you at once. It is hardly a national study, although it is that also. It is a profound analysis of hearts and human nature. At least, up to a point. It is all very delicate, and if only Mrs. de Selincourt had worked out the conclusion of the book upon the same scale and plane as the beginning, I think it would have been a masterpiece. It is not that now, although parts of the book are written, as Turgenev once said of a book by Henry James, "de main de maître". It is, of course, a little in the James manner, which is by no means to suggest that it is at all derivative. It is not. It is a beautiful picture, filled with all sorts of ironies and perceptions which could only come to a nature and brain of astonishing refinement. The way in which points of view are detached and illumined is a treat. Unfortunately the war comes into the book, and the war was not wanted in such a book. It is seriously out of place there. The book was a comedy, finished and delicate, and by the introduction of the war there is lost some of the finish and delicacy of the comedy. Instead, we are offered something that is almost tragedy—that would be tragedy if only it were convincing. This is a mistake.

* * * *

This reminds me to say that there has been published a very impressive study of "The Craft of Fiction", by Percy Lubbock. It is impressive rather than simple, but then by misfortune the things which in essence are simple, such as great works of art, need a good deal of elaborateness in the critic's expositions if they are to be dissected for the ignorant. The book deals first of all with the question of difficulty in getting any permanent impression of any book to which one's reactions have been strong and ever-changing. It thus comes to dwell upon the important point that the good book needs a good reader. This is a thing I say whenever I read a bad review of one of my own books. And how is one to make good readers unless one reveals to them the proper method of appraising a great novel? That is precisely Mr. Lubbock's problem. He tackles it with humility and determination. He tackles it by means of the analysis of "War and Peace", "Madame Bovary", etc., and I now know what one should look for in a novel. But I doubt whether I shall ever look, for it is more difficult to put into practice somebody else's method of judgment than to jog along in one's own old way, whatever that is. Nevertheless, Mr. Lubbock's book is worth reading. It is the work of one of the most able of the young writers on the "Times" Literary Supplement, the editor of Henry James's letters, and a critic of the greatest refinement and understanding.

* * * *

I see a reference in a recent BOOKMAN to Arthur Clutton-Brock, some of whose essays upon books have recently been republished in book form. I have read only some of these as they came out in the form of reviews in the "Times" Literary Supplement; but I can assure the reviewer of the book, who seemed a little annoyed by Clutton-Brock's style, that to anybody who

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knows the man that style, which sometimes is so appalling, is the most delightful talk that can be imagined. Clutton-Brock is a born talker. He thinks of more deeply interesting subjects upon which he would like information—not necessarily from you, but from the ether, by means of the Socratic method—than any man I have ever met. And the information comes, too. He is a real conjurer. And a remarkable man, into the bargain. Originally, I believe, he followed the law. Then he drifted into journalism and, without any artistic training, into the position of a highly distinguished art critic. To this day he is art critic to the "Times". He was further a reviewer for the Literary Supplement, and when the war came he used to write the front page articles which summed up all the contradictions of what appeared in the daily issues of the "Times". The articles, although anonymous, attracted great attention as lucid and reasonable writings in a time when there were few lucid and reasonable writings. The style of them was recognized, the authorship became known, they were collected with success into book form. It is not in originality of thought that Clutton-Brock necessarily shines; he is a synthesizer and interpreter. And he has a really remarkable faculty for understanding that peculiar gift which we call imagination when we are commending ourselves, and by the same name when we are denying the gift to others. Clutton-Brock has the gift. He has it in the degree in which artists have it. Only he is not an artist. He is the friend and interpreter of artists. He has the magic gift of knowing their ideals more clearly than they can know them. He is the man who can best express the gleam which the artist follows. For with him this interpretation is a passion, whereas the artist is too busy following the gleam to be conscious of his aim and its formulæ. Isn't Clutton-Brock rather a valuable man to the world? I think so. He certainly is to the artists in the world.

SIMON PURE

EPILOGUE

By S. Foster Damon

SOMETIMES I think that I shall live again;
And chancing on these records of my times,
I'll wonder dimly at the hidden pain
Faded to quaintness in my early rhymes.

And then, maybe, I shall be vaguely pleased
To feel again the torture of myself;
And by the ancient anguish gently eased,
I shall return my own book to its shelf.

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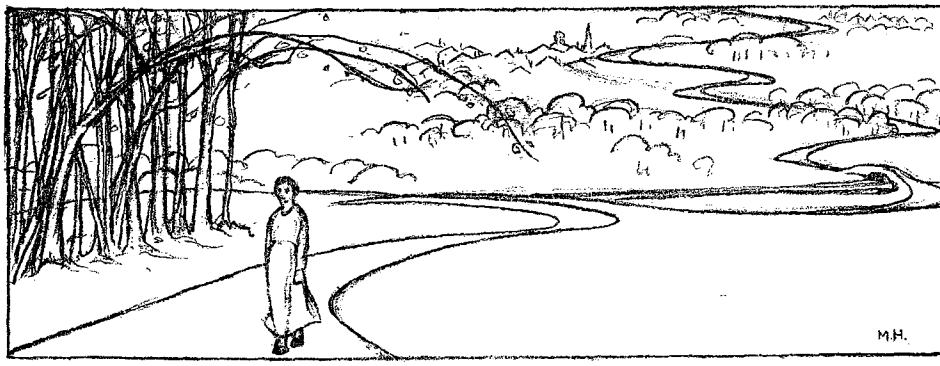

"The road would go on, ceaselessly, in and out of forest"

FOREST COVER

By Edna Bryner

With Sketches by Muriel Hannah

THE ribbon of road wound down through the forest. A woman followed it. The road seemed to come from the town of a thousand souls but it only came through there, just as it came through forest on the other side of the town, and through another town on the other side of the forest, and through forest again on the other side of that town. The woman followed the road just that way. At some time or other she had stepped out upon it from some place through which it came and ever since she had been following it. Somewhere she would stop following it, she would make an end of it. The road itself would go on, ceaselessly, in and out of forest, through towns and again through forest.

As the woman walked, a sharp long needle of words, "No one must ever know", drove itself in and out of her brain. The words made a thin pattern that spread out sprawlingly to form a lid, like the pan of some cunning trap, which shut down automatically over every projection of thought that tried to make of her an articulate being, conscious of her own exigency. At the same time, something of her beyond the reach of words, finely hidden away from all snares, escaped like a thin cloud and entered the forest, crept along the dark leaf-mold earth, over the mossed rocks, up the dark strong trunks of trees, out to the tips of the branches, to the edges of the leaves, swaying there until by its own motion it was dissipated,—and again she was a woman walking along a piece of road.

The woman was in a daze with her following of the road. When she bent her head down and stared upon its yellow dirt surface, she was one with it, a piece of itself walking upon it. When she lifted up her head, she was separate from it, a living thing walk-

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ing upon a piece of dead earth. Then she looked upon the wall of forest to right and left and became aware that the trees were intimate with the earth. She felt heavily their greater intimacy with the earth.

This intimacy bothered her. The forest came up out of the earth in trunks swelling into branches that burst into leaves. The earth was proud of this, proud of the roots that bored into it and sucked at it, at the trunks that went up, swelling into branches, a network between it and the sky, mesh to sift sunshine through. The trees were proud, too, proud of the earth that lay quiet and heavy with nourishment under them, receiving their roots, feeding them. The deep unfathomable intimacy made them proud. They were joined in understanding, one. Their oneness bothered the woman. At the same time she felt strangely protected by it. She walked quietly and firmly, not fast, as she did in the towns. In the towns she hurried through, looking at no one, eager to get into the safety of the woods, eager almost to be in the bother of the oneness of earth and trees.

There were times when she wanted to stop, to leave the road, go up the side of the forest-clothed mountain and lie down; but she did not dare. Something within her urged her on. The Something was her Sin. Her Sin made her put one unwilling foot before the other and follow the winding strip of dirt road.

It was her Sin that had set her out upon the road. Through long months she had kept it secret, hidden quite from knowing eyes. She kept it secret, shutting out admission that the hour of its triumph would come. She had hoped to kill it, had encased it in prison bars, ruthless, holding herself impervious to the pain of the hurt that wrenched her with the hurting of the thing secret within her. She had tried to starve it, suffering in silence from the lack that she caused herself in withholding food from it. But her Sin lived. It was alive and strong. The day came when its strength moved terribly within her and that set her feet upon the road. While she walked, it was quiet, sleeping like a child carried in its mother's arms. When she sat down to rest, it moved and urged her on, on down the narrow road winding through the forest around the side of the low mountain.

Many turnings and windings the road had. By and by it would come to a swift creek, with a bridge set across, and a mill beside it, and there would be human habitations, imitations of houses, rough hemlock shells, with people carrying on an imitation of living, going through motions that made time slip by. The woman knew all this well. The road had taught her as she came. At some such place her Sin would have its hour of triumph.

There must be an end soon. She stopped to drink at a little spring under a jutting bank. Her Sin grew angry, threatened her. She straightened up and went on rounding the turn. A heavy team dragging its load of deftly packed shingles came up the flank of the mountain, its driver walking slowly beside. The brawny blue-shirted lumberman did not speak but drew the horses aside to let good footing be for the woman and his eyes looked with friendly respect upon the neat young figure in the grey print dress.

The woman felt the look penetrating deep, into a place thin and clear, a place that existed long before her Sin came upon her. She bent her head and moved quickly past, down the long

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slope of the road toward the swift creek.

A rough shack set high on the bank above the big mill dam came into view. Would this be the place? Her Sin gave no sign. Now that she was in motion it lay quiescent, pacified. She stood still in the road. Her wide grey eyes rested in appraisement on the house. A dirty old woman smoking a corn cob pipe slouched around the corner from the back. On her wrinkled face greedy curiosity showed itself. She took her pipe out of her mouth and started to speak.

The woman of the road began walking again very fast. She went down across the bridge and past the mill from which came forth the rhythmical high hungry whine of the saw cutting virgin timber, the slap-thwack of boards thrown from one receiver to another.

The road was going up again past a house set high to the left, a large house with an air of well-being. Perhaps here? She went up the steps from the road, walked the single board path to the porch, knocked against the casing of the open door. From an inner room a woman came, in a blue wrapper, young and blowsy, with red eyes, holding a sleeping baby to her breast.

"Will you give me a drink?"

"Yes. It's hot today, ain't it? Come right in. You must be tuckered out walking in the sun." Voluble she led the way to the back porch. "There it is in the big tin pail. Wait a minute. I'll git you a glass." She fetched a heavy tumbler from the kitchen shelf. "It's prob'ly warm. I can't git water many times with this baby to look after. He cries every time I put him down. It's all I kin do to git the men's meals. They's two from the mill besides my husband."

There was no place here for her. The woman drank the water hastily. "I'm much obliged." She turned back through the house. "I'll be going on." She was on the porch.

"Better set a minute. Needn't be hurryin' off so quick." There was slight resentment in the tone.

The woman was on the walk. "I have to be going. I'm much obliged." She went down the steep steps into the road.

She followed the road doggedly. A little house to the left, door and windows shut. She went up and peered in. It was empty. Here? She looked around fearful. Her Sin gave a great lurch within her. She shuddered. She could not be alone with it here.

She went out into the road again and toiled on up the curve, crossed the slide where the logs came shooting down, moved slowly up the straight nearly level piece. More buildings came into view, to the right a large rough barn, to the left a watering trough and a long picket fence fronting a cleared space with a big hemlock house set in the middle and a springhouse a stone's throw away. Farther ahead to the right a little shack squatted on the flat side of the road and near it a woman's figure in bright blue was tying a bony horse to a stake.

The woman walked past the watering trough and approached the figure. She saw a stringy woman in a tight blue sateen dress, face the color of old leather, a great bang of hair falling down into faded blue piglike eyes, a little knot of hair in the back twisting tightly away from the cordy neck. A frowsy child came out of the shack. "Ma, ma," it cried like a little animal. A wailing arose from within the house, a sound of violent rocking. "Not here," said the woman in a cold fear to herself.

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"Will you give me a drink?" automatically the words came.

"I sure will. We got the best drinkin' water anywheres around. Liz!" she shouted into the house. An ungainly elder girl appeared in the dark hole of the doorway. "Git some fresh water from the spring!"

The girl stood sullen a moment, then disappeared. She came out with a small tin pail dangling against her dirty legs.

"Git a move on you. Seems like I can't make her do a thing."

Sullen the girl moved across the road, swung open a gate, and took the path to the springhouse.

"Who lives there?" asked the woman. Hope burned low in her.

"That's Bennet's. He's the lumber boss. He don't take no boarders neither. They got too many children for that, five boys an' two girls, an' Mrs. Bennet's pertickiler. I allays scrub the floors for her. See this dress? I saved the money she give me an' got it last week come Sataday."

A great despair came over the woman. She made a couple of steps forward.

"Where air you goin'? Air you all alone?"

Anything to put an end to questioning. She spoke at random, strangely in accord with the custom of the forest dwellers. "My husband's coming along behind with our goods. We're moving."

"Oh, movin'? What's your husband do? Gonno work in the mill or in the woods?"

"He's going into the mill."

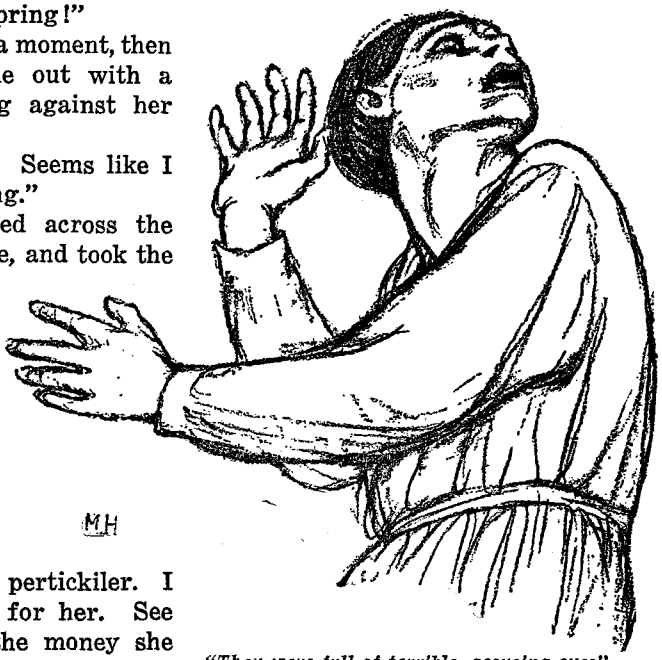
"You ain't gonno walk all the way to Goff's, air you?"

The woman felt fright. "How far is it?" Her Sin was threatening her again.

"Must be a matter of five miles."

"Is that the nearest mill?" She could never walk that far.

"By the road 'tis. If you cut



"They were full of terrible, accusing eyes"

through the woods you kin git to Fox's mill down the path back of Bennet's barn, but that mill's shet down. You kin cut up back of their house an' git to Sumner's. That's a mile or so an' a good path. Mrs. Sumner, now, she comes over to see Mrs. Bennet an' brings Gertrude. She ain't tied down like the rest of us. She ain't but the one, an' a good little girl, too. Not like my good-fer-nothin' Liz."

Hope suddenly leaped high, a sense of surety crowned its leaping. "And the path to her place is back of the house over there?"

"Yes. Walk right past the spring an' cut up over the hill, an' there's a path." The woman started to go.

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"But I thought you was goin' to Goff's? An' your husband?" Suspicion came into the lines of the leathery face.

"I must have misspoken myself." The woman kept her head turned toward Bennet's. Her voice was calm. She had a slight wonder at her calmness while her mind searched out through the forest back of Bennet's. "I came the wrong way, I guess. It was Sumner's I wanted."

"But you said your husband—"

"He isn't coming for a few days." She spoke with decision. It was easy to say anything, anything that anyone wanted her to say. "I came on first to kind of look around and it was Sumner's I wanted but I forgot the name."

"Well, it's a good thing you found me. You'd been to Goff's not knowin' no better." She laughed, a hoarse chuckle.

The woman said, "Yes, I'm glad I found you. Now I know how to go."

"But you ain't had your drink. Liz!" the raucous voice screamed. "Fetch that water or I'll tan your hide good!"

"Never mind, I'll get a drink as I go past. I'm much obliged to you." The woman crossed quickly over the road, took the path past the spring, not stopping to drink, cut up back of Bennet's, and was swallowed up in the forest before the figure in blue had recovered from surprise.

She was surrounded by forest, by trees growing out of earth. She was full of pain. Her head was a ball of fire and her body a world of pain. Roots were twining in her trying to get a foothold, roots were sucking away at her vitals trying to extract nourishment. She was earth and she could not lie down, for she had a Sin that kept urging her on.

Blindly she followed the pathway. The pathway led to Sumner's where there was a woman who had time to visit and a little girl who was good. If Sumner's was not the place, there was only the forest. She was in forest now but she was on a path that divided forest. Forest on both sides of her, trees and earth in a great swelling together and the sky smiling through the network of branches and leaves. She went on. She went quickly. Roots caught at her feet. The smart of branches fell on her face. Her Sin clamored for its hour.

She ran, she could not see, her feet kept the path like a miracle. Suddenly the path gave out on a road. Across the road was a house. She felt that there was a house, she did not see it. She made her last effort against the Sin that was tearing her to pieces, taking at last its deep revenge. She fell toward the blur that she felt was the house. She gave way at last to the strength of her Sin....

The woman awoke. She was lying in bed in a ceiled room whose windows looked out on low branches of hemlock. There was a patchwork quilt on the bed. She felt light, light and drowsy. She slept. Again she awoke. She felt light, light and her head was clear. Her Sin? It had triumphed. She felt like laughing. Her Sin had triumphed, yet she felt light, light and quite clear. She stirred. A large motherly form appeared, an anxious face bent over her. "I'll lift it up and you can see it."

The woman looked upon it. It was her Sin. She had lost her Sin. But here it was beside her still. Would it never leave her? She stared hard at it. Yes, it was her Sin. She closed her eyes to shut out its sight.

"I'll put it right beside you where it'll keep warm. It's so tiny, we must take good care of it."

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"The trees leaned over and swept their branches in front of her"

The little bundle lay beside her. She could put her hand upon it, pick it up. Her Sin was outside of her now. Everyone could see it. A Sin should be hidden, kept secret, covered over...

She dozed. She was walking along a road. The road went on and on, hard, smooth, implacable, hard and hurting under her soft feet. The wall of the forest rose up on both sides and mocked her. The wall to the right bowed in derision. The trees leaned over and swept their branches on the road in front of her. The wall to the left bowed in derision and swept its branches before her. "Come this way," one said. "Come this way," said the other. They swept their branches in front of her making it difficult for her to walk.

She tried to placate them. She bowed first to the one wall and then to the other. As she bowed, the one wall said in a great voice as though all its trees were many-forked tongues demanding together, "Speak!" and as she bowed again, the other wall said in a great voice of many tongues, "Speak!" They settled their trunks stiffly across her way like dark crossed swords and waited for her to begin.

She saw now that they were full of eyes, terrible accusing eyes, an eye on every leaf, thousands of eyes. "If I could change their eyes to ears," she thought, "then I could tell them." She became clever. She shut her own eyes so that they could not see her. No sooner had she done so than she remembered that this was a game she had played with Him when she was a little girl. She stood in the corner with closed eyes and said, "Now you can't see me." He hunted from corner to corner until he stumbled upon her. Then she opened her eyes and he shouted, "Now I see you!" She knew all the time really that he saw her. So she knew now that the thousands of eyes saw her and there was no use trying to play a silly game with them.

"Perhaps he will be here now if I open my eyes," she thought, "and he will tell them." Dismay swept over her. "But how can he? I never told him. How could he know if I did not tell him?"

She opened her eyes and looked upon the walls of forest. They were waiting for her to speak, unsettling themselves uneasily. The eyes began to move back and forth and as they moved they read words out of her through her own voice: "His mother

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never would have forgiven me. She wouldn't have believed he did it. She'd have thought I made him do it."

The words seemed weak, thin, a flimsy covering for something that lay underneath. The trunks of the trees rubbed against one another, complaining at her words. The eyes glowered upon her, piercing into her. "They want to know everything," she thought desperately, "everything, from the beginning." She addressed them as though they had commanded her. "But that would take too long, all of it, the whole thing."

The forest ruffled itself still more uneasily and murmured against her. The eyes became sinister. In fear, she spoke: "His mother took me in when I was little, from the city, nobody's. She brought me up to be his sister. She called me daughter, gave me things."

The forest began sweeping its branches in front of her. "It doesn't believe me," she thought in terror. "It won't let me pass, ever." She began to cry. "He might have hated me if I told him. He might have hated me." The branches swept in front of her. She could not see the road. It was covered with sweeping branches....

She awoke. Her face was wet, quite wet, as though she had been in the water. Her hand lay on the bundle that held her Sin. She became wide awake, alert. She felt cunning arise within her. She stirred in bed. No one came. Sin should be covered. Her hand was on the patchwork quilt, grasped it, drew it up over the bundle of Sin, held it close. Her hand unclosed after a while, dragged the quilt back a little. She lay still. Her eyes slept....

Someone came in, over to the bed, leaned over, jerked the quilt away. The bundle was taken up. At last they were taking her Sin away. They had left it too long beside her. She felt herself looked steadily upon. She opened her eyes. "Did you,—have you been awake since I left the room?" The motherly voice was stern, suspicious, reluctant, too.

"I was asleep."

"I fixed the quilt carefully before I left. It was over the baby's face when I came back."

Why did they trouble her about a baby? It was her Sin she had covered up so that no one could see it. "The quilt," she whispered painfully. "I pulled the quilt up. I was cold." She settled down in bed.

A breeze, soft and full of the resinous breath of hemlock came through the slightly opened window and blew her eyelids down. Leaves began piling upon her in layers, soft and pressing, trying to smother her.

The dream began again. She was walking on a road through the forest. The road was narrow, oh so narrow, she could hardly keep on it, narrow, and hard and smooth like glass. The wall of forest to the right kept bowing, the trees swept down, their branches lashed her. The wall of forest to the left kept bowing, its branches lashed her. The branches were full of eyes, eyes that burned when the branches lashed.

The eyes *knew*. "I must tell them the whole truth," she said to herself, but she knew that she said it aloud and that the forest heard it. "Huah! Huah!" The wind swept through the branches. "The truth! The truth!" The wind blew the words through the branches. A tall strong tree with great bulging eyes swept down upon her. "I wanted Him!" she screamed.

The trees stopped lashing. The eyes became ears. She knelt before

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them feeling their compassion. "I tried not to, at first—but when he touched me, I wanted him. He spoke words of poetry, words that he knew out of a book he brought back with him from his travel. 'Your grey eyes are like pools. I lose myself in them.' He took the pins from my hair. 'Your hair is a mesh. I am caught in it. I cannot escape.' He held me to him. 'Your body is softer than this milkweed down. Shall I float away with it?' He had never spoken that way before. His mother wouldn't have believed that he talked that way."

Now that the forest was compassionate, her mind unloosed itself all at once in a great rush of hurrying thoughts that went out like waves into the leafage, communicating her secret without the tedious use of words. "I had no right to him. His mother meant us always to be brother and sister—to keep us apart. She didn't really think I was as good as he. She only took me because his father wanted me. She didn't know what his father said, once, when he teased me: 'I chose you because you were the prettiest of all the children. Your grey eyes asked me to take you, and so I had to. You were a little fairy without any father or mother.' She would have given him up, some day, to someone else. But I wanted him. I needed him. She would never forgive me if she knew. I never told anyone, not even him. He would have married me. His father would have made him marry me. But I kept away from him, after I knew. And he—"

"And he, and he," whistled the trees. The sky became dark, the wind came in a gale, the branches crashed together and began lashing her. Despair overwhelmed her. "Now I shall be destroyed. They were only trapping me." She submitted herself to annihilation. The branches lashed her, lashed her clothes away, lashed into her flesh....

"Poor thing! She didn't know what she was doing. I thought at first she had done it on purpose. She doesn't seem to know she's had a baby." She lay and listened with closed eyes. She felt she was lying in a pool of water that softened her flesh, took life away from her. "It looks real pretty in that little dress of Gertrude's. I always felt I'd have use for those baby clothes some day, but I didn't think it would be like this."

They brought it for her to see. She looked upon it dry-eyed. She knew that they wanted her to cry. Foolish people! Why should one cry for a Sin once it is dead?

She was sitting up....She could walk a little....She dressed herself and came out on the porch. They were kind. They never asked her anything. She knew they hoped she would tell them. The husband spoke clumsily to her. They were sorry—could they help her? She shook her head.

Early in the morning she awoke. She felt quite clear. She must be on the road. She dressed hastily, quietly, was out of the house. The road led her. She walked fast, following it through the forest. She did not know where she went. She simply went on. By and by she would come out of the forest and there would be a town and there she would step off the road.

She walked quickly, she felt so light. She was light for her Sin was gone. She walked quickly for a long time. She became tired. She sat down to rest. Nothing within her urged her on. There was a great emptiness within her, a consuming emptiness. She felt how heavy her breasts were and how great her emptiness was.

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She wanted to go up in the forest and lie down. She did not dare. The forest and earth seemed allied against her, trees and earth together, their oneness held her out.

She had a desire that the roots of the trees should take hold on her, disintegrate her, find a place for their support and nourishment. A great and horrible yearning took hold on her. She yearned that her emptiness should be filled, she yearned for her Sin, for the bundle that held her Sin, she yearned to nourish her Sin....

She threw herself in the dust of the road and sobbed. The forest repudiated her. The wall of the forest pushed her into the road. She was one with the road. Nothing grew out of her; she nourished nothing. She was a way, to be passed over, trampled upon....

She felt the throbbing ache of her breasts in the dust. She arose and stood quiet, looking sombrely at the dark unrelenting wall of forest. Then she walked slowly along. Sadly, drearily, the life that lay behind her, the life that she had shut out from her when her feet first set out upon the road, began to filter back into her bruised mind. It came as something she had known long ago, so long that it seemed as though it must have been quite another life, and she another person, a young dreaming girl, moving about in the big white house set on the great planted space up against the forest, learning from a shadowy placid woman who called her daughter the ways of the little world of which she was a part, teased by a shadowy kindly man when the woman was not there to hear, captured by the shadowy grown up figure of the little boy who had played games with her, come back from school and travel a mysterious young man....

How far away it was, how far and how long, long ago! Slowly, slowly, she walked along the road through the forest, carrying in her the dream fragments of her shattered world. Soon she would come out of the forest and there would be a town and there she would step off the road. She would leave the road that went on ceaselessly, in and out of forest, through towns, and again through forest.

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BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

EUGENE O'NEILL is without question the most interesting playwright writing for our stage; and one of the most interesting things about him is his immaturity. He is not, by any means, fully formed as an artist. Austere and arrogant as he seems at times he is really still fumbling about for his bearings. One is likely to picture him as writing his plays in his bleak Provincetown home with a grim disdain for the traditions of the practical theatre, with a studied disregard for the sensibilities of the people who will sit out in front. He is the sort of playwright who is nowhere to be found on his first nights; and one has the impression that the reason he is absent is because he simply does not care much what happens. He has written the play, and that's that. Yet with each new play his pliability becomes more evident. He may not be in the theatre to receive the first night verdict; but he receives the verdict eventually, and takes it to heart. His apparent nonchalance may really be the diffidence which arises from extreme artistic sensitiveness. At least he does seem to have that sensitiveness. He seems to respond surprisingly to the punishment which is occasionally meted out to him.

He is growing, there can be no doubt of that. It may be due to his widening experience, or to the modest prosperity which his writing has brought him, but he seems to be losing a little of his harshness, to be warming up a bit. In the two plays of his which were produced this month there is a warmth and depth of emotion that we have not felt in him before. Hitherto he has presented suffering with the utmost callousness. He has not concerned himself with the suffering at all. He has been interested more in the irony of destiny which brought about the suffering. Man hounded to madness or death by a capricious and irresponsible fate has been to him the essence of drama. He has not wept with his people. In "Anna Christie", in the terrific scene in which Anna, with a sort of numb resignation, tells her father and the man who loves her what life has done to her, we feel that O'Neill was moved by pity. And in "The Straw" we feel that he wept.

There is burning passion in this splendid play. It is restrained and subdued at first, but gradually forces its way through, until in the last act it blazes out fiercely and terribly in a scene which is one of this theatre-goer's unforgetable experiences. In the first act we feel that the author is ashamed of his unwonted feeling, and that he seeks to cloak it with a bluff, harsh humor, and by unnecessarily brutal emphasis on the repellent aspects of the Carmody family life. Bill Carmody, the father, is a loose-mouthed, heavy-fisted bruiser. That is the only side we see of him. There is not the slightest comprehension on Bill's part, or on the part of the Car-

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mody children, of Eileen's tragedy. She is sick, they know, but her cheeks are even rosier than ever; they are

GEORGE MARION

For years, it would seem, George Marion has unwittingly been perfecting himself in the particular type of acting which is particularly required in the plays of Eugene O'Neill.

not sure she is not bluffing. Fred Nicholls, Eileen's fiancé, is even less admirable. When he learns from the doctor that Eileen has tuberculosis his only thought is for himself, and how he can get out of his engagement. All this is told with the dank irony which O'Neill has usually displayed.

But when we get to the sanatorium the author seems to undergo a change of mood. He seems to turn his attention more and more to the merely human anguish in the soul of Eileen; he does not care what it means, whether it proves that man is a plaything of destiny, or anything about it. He feels her unhappiness with a sympathy which grows hotter and hotter. When Carmody and Nicholls tell Eileen goodby Eileen already has the desolate sense that the life she has left is closing behind her. With a trace of terror she gives Carmody some parting instructions for Mrs. Brennon who is to do the housework. "Leave her alone," replies Bill. "She'll not wish you mixin' in with her work and tellin' her how to do it." "*Her* work!" repeats Eileen, faint in the sudden chill loneliness which at last seizes her. When Nicholls starts to kiss her she turns away; and he stupidly, fumblingly misunderstands it, or pretends to. He leaves her awkwardly, sheepishly, with, "Oh well, if that's the way you feel about it—" There is indeed passion underlying these jerky, lifelike scenes. It is a passion not tempered with irony. It is an honest passion new in O'Neill.

The scene at the crossroads where Eileen tries to tell Murray that she loves him, and cannot quite do it, while he tries not to understand what she means, is one of the finest and most delicately traced episodes we have ever seen on the stage. Eileen's sudden cry at the end, ringing in the stillness, torn from the depths of her baffled soul, crystallizes the maddened, impotent resentment which is the keynote of the play. The last scene is quite overpowering; and it, too, is delicately, masterfully done. Murray's realization that he really loves Eileen, their pathetic clutching at the hope that their love may be strong enough to cheat death, is the sort of tragedy that "cleanses and exalts".

As we say, we think O'Neill wept with the people in "The Straw"; and that is a great step forward for him. We may hope now that he will some time write a play and laugh with the people in it. That may be his next step forward.

The less Booth Tarkington has to work with the better off he is. A plot is likely to hamper him. He is most himself when he is expatiating aimlessly on some perverse conceit, spinning it out to see how far it can be made to stretch. Engaged in such

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agreeable fabrication he forgets all about the rules of stage technique which he painstakingly learned in his earlier days, and with which he is apt to cripple himself even in these days of his enlightenment. He is altogether at ease in "The Intimate Strangers". He is never in a hurry, never in the least self-conscious, and never dull. The play is wrought of the flimsiest of fabrics. Ames, who has been marooned with Isabel for a night in a rustic railway station, cannot reconcile her youthful appearance with the fact that she has a niece who is sixty years or so of age. Ames had fallen in love with Isabel in the railway station, and now he is worried because of course cosmetics in this day and age can accomplish miracles. There it is. Ames tries in every way that is honorable and gentlemanly to find out the truth about Isabel's birthday. There is a youth in the play whose voice is just changing; and there is a maid who has a wicked line. A few random shots at the shocking sophistication of the much berated flapper are taken—and the rest of the evening is just Booth Tarkington in a most expansive and diverting frame of mind. The play is quite as inconsequential and as thoroughly amusing as "Clarence", which means that it is one of the two best plays Booth Tarkington ever wrote.

"Golden Days" by Sidney Toler and Marion Short is called a comedy of youth, and it is indeed that. It is the most youthful play that has reached the stage since the discovery that adolescence is, theatrically speaking, a richly paying vein. The authors, in this case, go all the way. We do not, save on rare occasions, see anyone old enough to vote in the entire evening. This has a curious effect. Everything seems to be scaled down. It is a miniature world that these earnest and harassed young persons move about in; and very early in the proceedings we find that we have lost perspective, and that we have adopted the point of view of the people on the stage. The indignities and humiliations that they suffer because older people will not take them seriously or because they are not asked to dance, become absurdly momentous.

Mary Anne's distress when the city girls laugh at her best dress is a serious matter. When William Barclay leaves the cottage without asking her to the dance at the hotel it is deeply moving. When she finally does arrive at the party dazzling in her New York gown it is a moment of supreme tri-

OTTO KRUGER

Mr. Kruger (last seen as the picturebook prince in "Sonya") reaches the high point of his promising career with his performance as the convalescent young writing man in "The Straw".

umph. The subterfuges by which the boys try to meet Mary Anne are absorbing feats of strategy. William Barclay's attempt to secure Mary Anne for the supper dance is a crisis.

To thus blur and warp the specta-

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tor's viewpoint until he takes the trials of adolescence with all the earnestness of adolescence, is no doubt the secret of writing a play about the golden days. Having mastered this secret it is a pity the authors did not find a better use for their knowledge. The play wavers and wobbles after the second act, and finally turns into a rather heavy-footed war play, which is not in the least what it started out to be.

"The Wandering Jew" by E. Temple Thurston, as presented by David Belasco and A. L. Erlanger, is of course more a pageant than a play. The least important part of the performance is the words that are spoken. It might almost have been given without words. They are not attended to very carefully while being spoken, and they are promptly forgotten afterward. What one remembers in looking back is a series of sumptuous pictures, rich draperies, bright costumes, brilliant floods and contrasts of color. Through these the story of the man who spat upon Christ is told.

Thus one recalls the scene in the first act where Christ is being led up to Calvary. We see only the tips of gleaming spears as they pass an open window at the rear; then there is a glimpse of a roughly hewn cross and a burst of bright light. One recalls the opulent crimson hangings and the glittering costumes of the episode where the Jew, wandering from country to country, seeks death in the tourney outside Antioch. One recalls the Chamber of the Inquisition with the face of Ollalla, the harlot, limned against the sombre shadows. And the last scene suggests a tableau by Ben Ali Haggin. Dimly we see Matteos lashed to the stake, ready to meet at last the death he has sought for centuries. The flames and smoke blur him. Everything is in heavy shadow with here and there the glow of a scarlet robe or scarf. At the end a shaft of light pierces the darkness and falls on Matteos. And the color and the pictures remain. It is a florid and bombastic performance; but it is an impressive experiment with a difficult mode of stage story telling.

Everyone has his blind spot where plays are concerned, and we have never been able to see Granville Barker's "The Madras House". As one of the earliest examples of the disquisitory play, it is of course academically

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Swords" by Sidney Howard (Doran). Some very nice things have been said about this play, and some other things have been said which are not so nice. For a time it was quite the thing to have warm opinions about "Swords".

"The Wandering Jew" by E. Temple Thurston (Putnam). Reviewed, as a distinguished contemporary would say, in this issue.

"The Harp of Life" by J. Hartley Manners (Doran). If it were not for "Romance" Mr. Manners would probably go down to posterity as the author of "The Harp of Life".

"The Tony Sarg Marionette Book" by F. J. McIsaac (Huebsch). Reveals some of the secrets of this fantastic craftsman. Tells how marionettes can be made in the nursery, and contains two plays for them to act in after they are made.

"Two Slatterns and a King" by Edna St. Vincent Millay (Stewart Kidd). A one-act play in verse by this most admirable of poets.

"Oliver Cromwell" by John Drinkwater (Houghton Mifflin). In the episodic form which the author employed so impressively in "Abraham Lincoln".

"Four Plays for Dancers" by W. B. Yeats (Macmillan). Engaging trifles meant to be given in very small theatres.

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interesting. But for us it is dull to read and dull to see. The Neighborhood Playhouse has a sprightly enough performance; the zest and relish with which the cast played was good to see; but it did not seem to us that they were able to quicken the shambling scenes into life. We think that Granville Barker, with the eagerness of the pioneer, overdid the flattening process when he defied tradition and wrote this four-act talk.

Ed Wynn, unlike most funny men who have attained sufficient affluence to launch a one-man show, keeps right on being as funny as he can. In spite of the fact that "The Perfect Fool" is his own show, he is the one you really laugh at most. There is nothing of the star about Wynn. He rolls up his sleeves and gets down and works harder than any of his employees. Everyone on the stage has a busy evening; but Wynn is the busiest man on Broadway. He is funnier this year than he was last year, and funnier last year than he was the year before. He is a young man who will bear watching. He has a future.

There are plays which simply cannot be transplanted from one country to another, and surely Arnold Bennett's "The Title" is one of them. It rests squarely on a tradition which has no analogy in this country, which is bad enough; and it treats the tradition satirically, which makes matters much worse. It is impossible to enjoy a satire of a custom we know little about, and which is quite alien to our way of thinking. If the American thinks at all about titles it is probably with a feeling of innocent reverence. The idea of a man not caring for one is beyond him. Thus much of the first act goes for naught, because it presupposes a knowledge on the part of the spectator which he simply has not got. But even if he did have it he probably would not find anything particularly hilarious in "The Title". It is astonishing that a writer of Bennett's powers should be guilty of such wooden, stilted dialogue. It is the kind of play that reads well, but creaks painfully on the stage.

PICTURE

By Vincent Starrett

BROWN for the autumn leaves,
Green for the tree;
White for the flying sail,
Blue for the sea.

Grey for the solemn priest,
Red for the lass;
Black for the silent boy
Dead in the grass.

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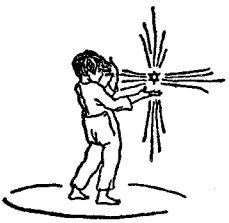
From "The Story of Mankind"

War

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

By Annie Carroll Moore



From "Many Children"

The most invigorating, and I venture to predict, the most influential children's book for many years to come is Hendrik Van Loon's "Story of Mankind". I shall leave his fellow historians to deal with any sins of omission or commission. I cannot even compare or contrast his book with Wells, for I've not yet read the "Outline". But this I do know, that after many years of believing that universal history can be made a living thing to growing boys and girls and after many more years of looking and longing for *real* books to add to our libraries, a book is here that bids fair to revolutionize the writing and illustrating of history and biography for the fortunate youth of this generation and the next.

Far and few may be the historians or the biographers who can make their own drawings and animated maps, but ideas have been liberated in "The Story of Mankind" as well as in "Ancient Man" and these ideas are bound to multiply and bear fruit in the work of the artists as well as the writers of the next decade. "What's the sense of it?" "What does it mean?" Mabel constantly asks in "If Winter Comes". "I never have any such ideas." No more had the publishers, the booksellers, or the book buyers when Mr. Van Loon's "Short History of Discovery" appeared in 1917. Fortunately, Mr. Van Loon had plenty of ideas and his publishers have had the courage to put them through in so admirable a form as to take place among the most distinguished books of the year for grown people as well as children.

I had the rare pleasure of introducing "The Story of Mankind" to a twelve year old boy in the midst of the

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ice storm which so cruelly wrecked many of the fine old trees in New England at Thanksgiving time. This boy had followed Wells a third of the way and expects to finish the book after reading Van Loon's. He had just finished reading "Captain Scott's Journal" and could talk of nothing else. As we followed the twelve year old Hendrik Van Loon to the top of the old tower in Rotterdam, with the uncle who shared his love of books and pictures leading the way to his first glimpse of the great world, I realized how absolutely with the heart of a boy and the brain of a man this book has been conceived, written, and illustrated. No boy is likely to skip a "foreword" that records an experience he can claim in imagination as his very own, nor will he skip a chapter of the story which makes the world he lives in seem so spacious and so teeming with human interest from the days of primitive man, rollicking and philosophizing down through the Middle Ages and the Napoleonic era, to the invisible heroes of "A New World". Before he finishes the book he is almost certain to turn, as this boy did, to the reading list at the back to see how many books he has read already and which ones he would like to read next.

This reading list is informed by an intimate personal knowledge of the books and a very true appreciation of the author's plan and purpose. Leonore St. John Power made the selection and arrangement of books. The appearance of the list would be improved, and it would be easier to use, if there were some differentiation in type. An index to the book is also desirable in an edition for public libraries and school libraries. Country libraries have great need of such a book to stimulate the reading of legends and stories with historical associations.

The country library should by all means have a copy of the new edition of "The Scottish Chiefs". Kate Douglas Wiggin's spirited introduction supplies a charming touch of reminiscence and these strong words which have a bearing for translators as well as for editors of the classics:

> Neither of the editors believes in abridging the classics; still less in altering, interrupting, or adding to a text that should be sacred... not allowing a single romantic incident to escape us in a world that sometimes threatens to be dull, dreary and lacking in idealism.

Nora Archibald Smith's graphic and witty account of her own and her sister's editorial work on "The Scottish Chiefs", "Golden Numbers", and other classics, was the event of a library exhibit during Children's Book Week.

From "Many Children"

There has been no alteration of text in carrying out N. C. Wyeth's long cherished idea of making a series of illustrations in color for "Rip Van Winkle".

A new translation of Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales" challenges comparison of text with proved versions.

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Those who are familiar with Marie Shedlock's interpretations of Andersen's philosophy and with her renderings of his stories will look in vain for an essential quality in Miss Toksvig's work, the recreation, in another language, of the spiritual atmosphere in which the story was conceived. It is not enough to translate the incident of the story nor is such phrasing as "step lively" and a score of similar terms calculated to bring an American child nearer to the real Andersen. No, it isn't done that way, nor by the kind of preface that Francis Hackett has written, nor again by such illustrations as Eric Pape has made. I feel sorry for the child whose first association with Hans Andersen is gained through this book. Even with Parker Fillmore's command of idiomatic English, I wish more time had been spent on "The Laughing Prince"—a book of Jugoslav stories. His free rendering of "The Shoemaker's Apron" was better work and his introduction more in keeping with it. Jay Van Everen's drawings are something more than a series of decorations. There is a very real imaginative quality in each story as he has seen it and lived in it and one feels he has more in reserve. The make-up of this book is attractive and it should be of general interest.

From "The Story of Mankind"

The First Winter in New England

New translations of the tales of Perrault, including two or three from Madame d'Aulnoy, appear so often and in such indifferent form as to make very little impression on the reader. The distinction of "Old-Time Stories"—a very beautiful book—is given by the illustrations in color and in full page black and white drawings of great charm, provided by W. Heath Robinson—"Puss became a personage of great importance" gives "Puss-in-Boots" a new place in the memory. "Favourite French Fairy Tales" is an attractive volume in large type, containing the same stories retold from the French in more lively form by Barbara Douglas and illustrated in color by R. Cramer.

A spirited translation or re-rendering of the classics should be insisted upon by the artist on whom the success of a new book depends. Far too many good drawings have gone forth in company with inferior texts. Readers in general are more critical of the work of editors and translators than they were ten years ago. There is daily evidence of this in the Central Children's Room of the New York Public Library, to which all kinds of people come in steadily increasing numbers for comparison of texts and illustrations before making their own selection for purchase. Such evidence is confirmed by the practical experience of the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston, by the Children's Bookshop in New York, the Hampshire Bookshop in Northampton, Massachusetts, and by those general bookshops and book departments which have provided thoroughly informed service for the sale of children's books. No phase of public work is so absolutely fascinating to me as this volun-

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tary education of all sorts of people in country or in city communities concerning children's books. Very early in my library experience, I discovered that it was not possible to accomplish this by speaking from a library desk or an educational platform, without an outside point of contact with the people who were making, selling, and buying the books we buy or do not buy for libraries. And so I began to visit publishers in midsummer and early autumn and to haunt the bookshops and book departments of department stores between Thanksgiving and Christmas, to the neglect of many other duties, but to the infinite delight and profit of the person the children began to speak of as "the lady who knows the books". To keep that title in the active tense challenges one's full powers of observation and absorption in a season when so many good books are appearing. "It's impossible to write the holiday review without visiting the Boston publishers," I said firmly to the editor of THE BOOKMAN. "I had a very good time with Palmer Cox and Gelett Burgess and all the others on 'Children's Day' of BOOKMAN WEEK at the Wanamaker Auditorium, and I enjoyed seeing Hector MacQuarrie's surprise and delight over Bernard Sleigh's 'Ancient Mappe of Fairyland', but I want to be surprised and delighted myself by somebody or something in Boston."

My first surprise was in the nature of a shock when I found the ten year old sister of the boy to whom I carried "The Story of Ancient Man", reading "Elsie Dinsmore", borrowed from the charming little friend with whom she had been dramatizing "Fairies and Chimneys" a few months ago. "Do you really like Elsie?" I asked. "Nobody reads about her in New York. They just laugh at her and call her an insufferable prig." The phrase *insufferable prig* captured her dramatic sense and she repeated it frequently during my visit. Next day I visited

From "The Story of Mankind"

The Flight of Mohammed

the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in the character of a bona fide aunt to buy the book I did not bring from New York, because I wanted to give her the fun of choosing it for herself.

There was no hesitation in her mind. She laid a firm hand on Montrose Moses's "Treasury of Plays for Children" and apparently lost all power or inclination to look at any other book. "I suppose it costs too much," she remarked. "Mother said so the day we came here to see Marshal Foch go by. We had to hurry and I got 'Peggy in Her Blue Frock' by the author of 'The Blue Aunt' and love it, but it isn't long enough. This is such a *thick* book and I love plays, and all their names sound so interesting."

Here was confirmation of my own reminiscent reaction to Mr. Moses's altogether admirable book, as I re-

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viewed it for the library. It is a book with which I should have been incomparably happy between the ages of ten and perhaps fifteen. Notwithstanding, I deferred purchase for this particular child because I wanted to get her reaction to other books, which I left her to discover for herself. She assisted in making a choice of books for a brother of six and a baby sister of three. "It has to be funny," she stipulated. "She's so funny inside." Then she wandered away by herself into the fairy tale alcove of the fascinating new quarters of the Bookshop. Nearly an hour later she came back very hesitatingly with "The Princess and the Goblin". "I wish I could have this book—it has the loveliest pictures, but it costs more than the plays." "Never mind the price if you are quite sure you will like it." It was the beginning of the tragic ice storm, and after we had had tea we came back to the Bookshop and read poetry and selected more books to carry home to the other children. Next day I was housebound with the four children and I watched with a new thrill of admiration the power of George MacDonald to interpret and dramatize the spiritual experience of childhood. I didn't offer to read the book aloud. This child manifestly preferred to read it alone, expressing only her love of it and of the pictures Jessie Willcox Smith made for it last year. To the boy of six I read Nancy Byrd Turner's charming verses and stories in "Zodiac Town" from beginning to end. Then he brought out the books he likes best and we reread most of them, ending the day with "Russian Picture Tales", "Uncle Remus", Edward Lear, and "Mother Goose".

Then came two delightful days in the cosy offices and book rooms of Boston publishers. Most of them are in houses, but LeRoy Phillips keeps his books in a stable—a stable with fireplaces, and brick walls with a strong reminder of London quarters. There I found Oliver Herford's "Æsop", rejoicing in a red Christmas jacket with a lion on it. At the Atlantic Monthly Press I was greeted by the original drawings which give such charm to Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's "Many Children", a book of verse which is more of children than for them. Florence Wyman Ivins, who made these lovely line drawings of children, which were recently exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum, made the decorative illustrations for a fascinating edition of "A Visit from St. Nicholas", reprinted from the edition of 1837. This Christmas poem was composed in New York's Chelsea at Christmas time 1822 by a man I've called from childhood Clement C(hristmas) Moore. "Wild Brother", the true story of a bear, which I heard Mr. Underwood tell at the National Arts Club, is not advertised as a children's book, but will be sure to be read by boys and girls. The photographs which illustrate it are unusual.

I visited Little, Brown's on Louisa Alcott's birthday and it struck me as a very happy coincidence that one of the books of the year from this house should be the "Treasury of Plays". At Houghton Mifflin's I had the happy inspiration of taking a load of books to review in the train. So I gathered up "The Puritan Twins", which is remarkably human, John Martin's "Children's Munchausen", illustrated delightfully by Gordon Ross and a very real addition to the best re-renderings of classics for children, "Caleb Cottontail", written as well as illustrated by Harrison Cady, "Peggy in Her Blue Frock" by Eliza Orne White, and "The Romance of Business" by W. Cameron

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Forbes. With these books and others to bridge the distance between Boston and New York the afternoon seemed hardly an hour long. I came back to find in my office that fascinating "Gargantua" extracted from Rabelais, with its colored pictures of Paris, two Italian books so related to things dramatic as to claim special attention, with a wonderful book of colored plates of bats and frogs and flowers, which I had the good fortune to introduce to William Beebe; "The Tony Sarg Marionette Book", new editions of "Grimm's Fairy Tales", "The King of Ireland's Son" by Padraic Colum, and a full score of other good books for boys and girls. I felt, as you must, that the story of the holiday books of 1921 has only just begun, and since no one person could hope to finish it, I am glad to remember how well parts of it have been told in "The Bookshelf for Boys and Girls", in the unusually attractive catalogues of the publishers, and in an excellent "List of Books for Boys and Girls" compiled by Jacqueline Overton.

The Story of Mankind. By Hendrik Van Loon. Boni and Liveright.

The Scottish Chiefs. By Jane Porter. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Rip Van Winkle. By Washington Irving. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. David McKay.

Fairy Tales and Stories. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Signe Toksvig. Illustrated by Eric Pape. The Macmillan Co.

The Laughing Prince. By Parker Fillmore. Illustrated by Jay Van Everen. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Old-Time Stories. By Charles Perrault. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Favourite French Fairy Tales. Retold by Barbara Douglas. Illustrated by R. Cramer. Dodd, Mead and Co.

An Ancient Mappe of Fairyland. By Bernard Sleigh. E. P. Dutton and Co.

A Treasury of Plays for Children. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. Illustrated by Tony Sarg. Little, Brown and Co.

The Princess and the Goblin. By George MacDonald. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. David McKay.

Zodiac Town. By Nancy Byrd Turner. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

The Herford Æsop. By Oliver Herford. Le Roy Phillips.

Many Children. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Illustrated by Florence Wyman Ivins. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

A Visit from St. Nicholas. By Clement C. Moore. Illustrated by Florence Wyman Ivins. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

Wild Brother. By William Lyman Underwood. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

The Puritan Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Children's Munchausen. Retold by John Martin. Illustrated by Gordon Ross. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Caleb Cottontail. By Harrison Cady. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Peggy in Her Blue Frock. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Romance of Business. By W. Cameron Forbes. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Gargantua. Illustrated by Adrien Leroy. Text by Sautriax. Duffield and Co.

Batocchio e Cavicchio. By Giuseppe Adami. Illustrated by Brunelleschi. Brentano's.

Narran le Maschere. By Giuseppe Adami. Illustrated by M. Montedorz. Brentano's.

A Voi Bimbi. By Edoardo Goja. Brentano's.

The Tony Sarg Marionette Book. By F. J. McIsaac. Illustrated by Tony Sarg. B. W. Huebsch.

Grimm's Animal Stories. Illustrated by John Rae. Duffield and Co.

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Illustrated by Noel Pocock. George H. Doran Company.

The King of Ireland's Son. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. The Macmillan Co.

The Bookshelf for Boys and Girls. By Clara Whitehill Hunt, Ruth G. Hopkins and Franklin K. Mathiews. The Publishers' Weekly.

A List of Books for Boys and Girls. By Marian Cutter and Jacqueline Overton. The Children's Bookshop.

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THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Herbert S. Gorman

IT is quite disconcerting, in selecting the poems from the October magazines which please me most, to observe how Elinor Wylie's efforts stand out. The usual themes done with the usual degree of excellence are as plentiful as ever but Elinor Wylie emanates a distinct personality; she is as individual as musk. There is a clear, piercing sweetness about her delicately fashioned lyrics that removes them from that large group of magazine lyrists which typifies what I have before designated as "the poignant school of maiden ladies". Those "poignant" lyrics, pretty enough on superficial examination, smash like empty egg shells when the test of substance is brought to bear upon them. In Elinor Wylie's work I feel the concealed yet steel skeleton of authentic thought. In other words she writes a poem about a subject and does not fashion a coat of bright hues and send it out strolling with no one inside it. Two of her poems, "Song" from the October 5 issue of "The New Republic" and "Ophelia" from "The Smart Set", please me mightily.

The shadowy and eerie genius of Walter de le Mare manifests itself in his "Sunk Lyonesse", in "The Century Magazine". He is a master of evocation, suggesting the most intangible and subtle shades of sensation in his beautifully faltering metres. The inaudible footsteps of unseen sprites and the moth-like brushing of invisible wings beat an accompaniment of overtones to his work.

The dark meditative intricacies of Edwin Arlington Robinson, which haunt me always, are to be found in his "Yale Review" sonnet, "Caput Mortuum". It is possibly the sort of poem that many readers will peruse two or three times before they have digested it; but, the objective once gained, the satisfaction will be infinite. Robinson is one of the few poets who can be reread indefinitely and still reveal new, blood-like facets of his Roman meditations.

Two other poems halted me on my way. "Words", contributed to "The Atlantic Monthly" by Joseph Auslander, brought me a moment's silent pause. Then there was the distinctly individual and cerebral utterance of "A Tale" by Louise Bogan in "The New Republic" for October 19. It may be that Miss Bogan has partially built her style upon the compact stanzas of Robinson, but it seems to me that she has fused a difficult method and subject into a grey, iron-like poem with a certain degree of deliberate individualism.

SONG

It is my thoughts that colour
My soul which slips between;
Thought lunar or solar
And gold and sea-green.

Tint the pure translucence
Of the crystal thread,
A rainbow nuisance
It runs through my head.

When I am dead, or sleeping
Without any pain,
My soul will stop creeping
Through my jewelled brain.

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With no brightness to dye it
None will see where
It flows clear and quiet
As a river of air;

Watering dark places
Without sparkle or sound;
Kissing dumb faces
And the dusty ground.

Elinor Wylie
—*The New Republic*

OPHELIA

My locks are shorn for sorrow
Of love which may not be;
Tomorrow and tomorrow
Are plotting cruelty.

The winter wind tangles
These ringlets half-grown,
The sun sprays with spangles
And rays like his own.

Oh, quieter and colder
Is the stream; he will wait
When my curls touch my shoulder
He will comb them straight.

Elinor Wylie
—*The Smart Set*

SUNK LYONESSE

In sea-cold Lyonesse,
When the Sabbath eve shafts down
On the roofs, walls, belfries
Of the foundered town,
The Nereids pluck their lyres
Where the green translucency beats,
And, with motionless eyes at gaze,
Make minstrelsy in the streets.

The ocean water stirs
In salt-worn casemate and porch,
Plies the blunt-snouted fish
With fire in his skull for torch.
And the ringing wires resound,
And the unearthly lovely weep
In lament of the music they make
In the sullen courts of sleep,

Whose marble flowers bloom for ay,
And, lapped by the moon-guiled tide,
Mock their carver with heart of stone,
Caged in his stone-ribbed side.

Walter de la Mare
—*The Century Magazine*

CAPUT MORTUUM

Not even if with a wizard force I might
Have summoned whomsoever I would name,
Should anyone else have come than one who came,
Uncalled, to share with me my fire that night;
For though I should have said that all was right,
Or right enough, nothing had been the same
As when I found him there before the flame,
Always a welcome and a useful sight.

Unfailing and exuberant all the time,
Having no gold he paid with golden rhyme,
Of older coinage than his old defeat,
A debt that like himself was obsolete
In Art's long hazard, where no man may choose
Whether he play to win or toil to lose.

Edwin Arlington Robinson
—*The Yale Review*

WORDS

Words with the freesia's wounded scent I know,
And those that suck the slow irresolute gold
Out of the daffodil's heart; cool words that hold
The crushed gray light of rain, or liquidly blow
The wild bee droning home across the glow
Of rippled wind-silver; or, uncontrolled,
Toss the bruised aroma of pine; and words as cold
As water torturing through frozen snow.

And there are words that strain like April hedges
Upward; lonely words with tears on them;
And syllables whose haunting crimson edges
Bleed: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!"
And that long star-drift of bright agony:
"Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!"

Joseph Auslander
—*The Atlantic Monthly*

A TALE

This youth too long has heard the break
Of waters in a land of change.
He goes to see what suns can make
From soil more indurate and strange.

He cuts what holds his days together
And shuts him in, as lock on lock:
The arrowed vane announcing weather,
The tripping racket of a clock;

Seeking, I think, a light that waits
Still as a lamp upon a shelf,
A land with hills like rocky gates
Where no sea leaps upon itself.

But he will find that nothing dares
To be enduring, save where, south
Of hidden deserts, torn fire glares
On beauty with a rusted mouth,—

Where something dreadful and another
Look quietly upon each other.

Louise Bogan
—*The New Republic*

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Primitive Emotion

THE title page announces "Ghitza and Other Romances of Gypsy Blood" (Boni and Liveright). *Romances of gypsy blood* is a legitimate term applied to these strong, swift-moving, dramatic, and sometimes cruel little stories. Konrad Bercovici is dealing with the basic emotions. He uses again the themes of Greek tragedy and Homeric epic; battle, love, jealousy, hate. Old themes, true; but the background is newer, and the writing is, for the most part, done with a remarkable knowledge of how to choose detail. "The Law of the Lawless" is a grand tale: pitiless, savage, masterful. I wonder if Mr. Bercovici's effect would not be better if he did not, occasionally, resort to the complete relegation of his atmosphere in climaxes. He will tell you the culminating tragedy of his romance in one sparse sentence. This is, at times, amazingly vivid. At other times, we feel the need of more dramatization. At any rate, the Konrad Bercovici of "Dust of New York" has learned to write in an unbelievably short time. It is of such stuff that the new literature of America will be made. You will miss a great deal if you do not read "Yahde, the Proud One". What an understanding of the soul that lies behind the cool affrontery of a woman!

"The Sheik" in Fact

IT'S a pity that Rosita Forbes does not write so well as Anatole France, Homer, or someone else like that. If she did, "The Secret of the Sahara: Kufara" (Doran) would be an epic. She has such an entertaining story to tell of her lonely expedition to the secret cities of the Sahara, that our only quarrel with her is that she does not always choose exactly the right adjectives. True, she uses a great many of them; but so does Frederick O'Brien. For a charming lady to start out without other Christian companions into a country where she was obviously not wanted, was a task not lightly undertaken. Her adventures and escapes, her dinners with sheiks, and her experiences with the eerie religious sects of Kufara, form a story that almost makes the flatulent pages of "The Sheik" pale. And this she does—she creates the magic atmosphere of the desert. We must take a desert trip. However, we strongly suspect that had Mrs. Forbes not been so charming as the frontispiece intimates, the plots and obstructions which beset her camel trail would have proved more effective—bones whitening the Sahara and all that, instead of an acceptable travel book.

English Fluff and Humor

WE seldom find so much engaging humor mixed with such deft characterization as is found in Compton Mackenzie's new novel, "Rich Relatives" (Harper). With a gay heart he satirizes English society. Through the eyes of quaint young Jasmine, educated on the continent, England becomes a succession of her relatives who have climbed high in the ladder world and are superbly conscious of the exact rung on which they stand. Yet with the same hand that uses a

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rapier cruelly, Mackenzie picks up a sachet. He gives us a sweetness-and-light love story that is characteristically without depth. I like this. It gives a novel that is readable, entertaining, sure in technique, yet is, too, a critique of manners. The young men in America have not yet learned to do this sort of thing. They are still too self-conscious. Other gifts they have, but not this of light satire. Alice Duer Miller, perhaps; but "Rich Relatives" seems a far more dexterous performance than "Manslaughter", as clever as is the latter.

Light Verse and Heavier

MORLEY, Marquis, and Preston, colyumnists, versifiers, and, I think, all of them, poets. "Splinters" (Doran) is Keith Preston with his pen always gay, usually biting, and his technique sure. Such pleasant whimsicalities have not been written in America for some years. Says Keith, advising poets:

Speak roughly to your Pegasus
And beat him if he wheezes;
Real poetry is serious
And humors are diseases.

Too smart a pace requires the bit.
No quirt or quip let fall!
And if he puts his foot in wit
Your Pegasus will sprawl.

Not entirely true; for Christopher Morley, even at his funniest, sometimes captures a note of pathos that sends the old horse springing up again. "Chimneysmoke" (Doran) owes much to the illustrations of Thomas Fogarty; but it is fine to have in one volume the best of Morley's old lyrics, and new ones that seem to me even better. Perhaps it is personal prejudice; but I like him best when he talks of wife, of family, of kids. Isn't this a delightful poem?

THE MOON—SHEEP

The moon seems like a docile sheep,
She pastures while all people sleep;
But sometimes, when she goes astray,
She wanders all alone by day.

Up in the clear blue morning air
We are surprised to see her there,
Grazing in her woolly white,
Waiting the return of night.

When dusk lets down the meadow bars
She greets again her lambs, the stars!

At last we have "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith" (Appleton) within covers. That's a grand poem of Don Marquis's. So is the magnificent "An Ode to the Oyster" which, doubtless, will take its place with the great odes in the history of poetry.

With dull eyes, giving art its laws to-day,
Each little bivalve deity
Rejoicing in his sway.
But as for me—I don't givadam, I don't givadam,
I'd much rather write of the King of Siam, Siam, Siam
Than have this oyster art the god of me—
You may think it odd of me,
Odd of me, odd of me,
But I'd rather write odes to the King of Siam.

Tony Sarg's illustrations are good. Practically every verse in the book is amusing. If you care for light verse, here are three books that you must own.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

THE MAN BEHIND THE BOOK

By Sidney Williams

IN the noble city of Philadelphia", once wrote the jocund Morley to an inquiring pilgrim, "dwell Three Great Caliphs. *Quorum primus inter pares* I will name The Caliph of Precious Ink, A. Edward Newton. This is not the Great Caliph of whom it is said, Allah in his goodness set out to create one perfect man, but the model was broken ere the casting was complete. In his frantic zeal he made haste to repeat the exploit and came near success. His second effort was this Great Caliph, on whose face there shines the lustre of unutterable seemliness. This is the Great Caliph known to all the world, whose shrine at Daylesford, above the headwater of Darby Creek (O fairest of stripling streamlets!) is a well of first editions undefiled." Thus was affectionately trumpeted the author of "The Amenities of Book-Collecting". Now comes Mr. Newton's second book, with its intriguing title, "A Magnificent Farce". Like the first, it is devoted to vivacious comment on men and books.

The success of Mr. Newton in letters is a success of personality. "I have never allowed myself", he observes here, in a paper on "Luck", to "become 'sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought'." Like Thomas Mosher, the Portland publisher he warmly compliments, he has little education of the schools. While Mr. Mosher took a course before the mast Mr. Newton tarried briefly, and without applause, in a book store and a banking house. The major portion of his business career has been devoted to the manufacture of electrical apparatus.

Wealthy, he gave instinct its head. And thus he became a collector of English manuscripts and first editions; the possessor of treasures envied by bibliophiles. What he writes of them, and of those encountered in the great quest, glows with the enthusiasm of human contact. Withal there is something boyish in these papers, and a merry truculence. The writer permits himself the privilege of plain speaking. Dr. Johnson to him is like the man around the corner. That is indeed a charm rare in bookish comment.

Unfortunately, most bibliophiles miss the man in scanning the book. And their thoughts are without savor to the unscholarly. That cannot be said of Mr. Newton, though he somewhere observes with scorn: "Think of a man staring vacantly at a Sunday paper, under the delusion that he is reading!" To him fanfares for Babe Ruth are mere sound and fury signifying nothing.

A little gossip, now and then, is relished by the best of men—and all the rest. Mr. Newton would have made a good news editor. He is ever alert to extract the human interest of a situation. His pages are peppered with names of the living and the dead. Other collectors are as interesting to him as their treasured books and manuscripts. We have glimpses of Thomas Wise, and John Stetson, and W. H. Arnold. With reportorial zeal he sets forth a call on Amy Lowell, the petticoat sage of Heath Hill, who rises at high noon and works away at chiseled

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phrases while humdrum mortals are deep in slumber.

More zestful than the titular paper, "A Magnificent Farce", in its rehash of the trial of Warren Hastings, is personal and critical comment on Whitman, with inevitable mention of Horace Traubel, who had remarkable blue eyes, and was otherwise known as an echo of Walt. Mr. Newton describes Whitman's funeral, "a great event in Camden, where little of interest happens. The large tent and the crowd suggested to me a circus, and this impression was heightened by the general confusion, and by boys in attendance selling peanuts". Mr. Newton persuades himself that the writer of "Captain, My Captain", and "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloomed" was a poet "only in the sense that he was a prophet". We may bracket this misapprehension with Whitman's impression that Dr. Johnson was "a sour, malicious, egotistical man. And a sycophant of power and rank, withal".

The paper called "A Sane View of William Blake" is largely devoted to praise of Blake's drawings....Now our commentator turns to "My Old Lady, London", loved with the feeling that he will never get as much of her as is necessary to his complete happiness. He is even enthusiastic about St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to which he was taken with a broken leg. Some pages labeled "20" are devoted to entertaining description of life in a hospital ward. Mr. Newton came away with pictures....It may be noted here that photographic illustration brings to view persons and places out of the ordinary,—title-pages, portraits, miscellaneously interesting material. If all readers may not see his treasures, Mr. Newton is glad to give them what the camera can supply.

Mr. Newton takes a place with those attempting to point out what's the matter with the American book store. He stresses the incompetence of the average clerk, while pausing to name with praise certain sage salesmen of his acquaintance. But he finds them painfully rare.

> Now, fancy a man going into a certain department store I have in mind, and asking for a copy of "Tom Jones". He is met by a young lady in a low-cut dress, standing in high-heeled slippers, with her hair gathered up in large puffs which entirely conceal her ears; her nose has been recently powdered, and she looks as if she might be going to a party. "Tom Jones!" she says; "is it a boy's book? Juveniles, second to the right." "No, it's a novel," you say; and she replies, "Fiction, second to the left."

Beyond employment of book clerks with some comprehension of, and interest in, literature, Mr. Newton suggests the selling of good second-hand books along with current publications. What's to become of the second-hand dealer?

As previously observed, "A Magnificent Farce" will be prized less for profundity than for its conveyed feeling of warm human contact. "Who touches this book, touches a man." "Abou A. Edward", as Christopher Morley quipfully calls him, is an excellent companion.

A Magnificent Farce, and Other Diversions of a Book-Collector. By A. Edward Newton. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

ODDS: THREE TO ONE

By Burton Rascoe

THE first guns have been fired in the fight against "realism". The war of the "romantic" reaction is on. General Wilson Follett has taken Briary Bush. General Robert Herrick has occupied Main Street. General Van Doren has notified civilians of the change in power. And General Mid-

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dleton Murry has trained his guns on Flaubert's citadel at Rouen.

Nothing could be more pleasing to the Messrs. John Sumner, Stuart P. Sherman, and Paul Elmer More. One readily imagines them to be in high good spirits, triumphant smiles upon their lips, a sense of power pervading each of their beings. Former enemies are now not only allies but are actually leading the battle. The opposition is giving way without resistance.

Still, there is an element of comedy in the situation. General Van Doren attributes the turn of the tide to a leader whom Mr. Sumner suppressed, and in the confusion Cabell finds himself aligned with Sherman and Herrick. Therein is the cream of the jest.

Newton Fuessle must by now be experiencing sensations similar to that of a man who arrives at the station only to find that the train has just pulled out. Following in the path of Frank Norris, Crane, and Dreiser, he has achieved a highly competent and interesting novel of American profiteering methods in "Gold Shod", a work of fiction which is valuable as document and which serves as a thoughtful criticism of the American ideal of success.

Mr. Fuessle's novel convinces me that the reaction against "realism" is premature and that, by making such honest work as his appear odious, the best interests of American fiction are threatened. If the movement is not counterbalanced, we shall soon be back where we started ten years ago, with a sweet, false fiction which reassures us of values that cripple us in living.

I have only to turn to three other new novels (which represent the early fruit of the reaction) to see the folly of bidding one with so valuable a talent as Mr. Fuessle's to consider the creative imagination displayed in "Messer Marco Polo" and "Her Father's Daughter" and to go and do likewise. There is "Roads Going South" by Robert L. Duffus which through interminable pages reminds us that people have hearts in the right place and that there is fresh air in the suburbs and sunshine on the countryside. The book is patience on a monument of dulness, and like the glad girl it smiles at grief. I wish that the book had been less consciously pastoral, for Mr. Duffus has a knack and his heart, too, is in the right place. Had we been less impatient with Dreiser and the others we might have achieved a cultural viewpoint, based on frankness and honesty, which might have informed Mr. Duffus with the essentials which would turn "Roads Going South" from a commonplace into a significant book.

Then there is "The Lark" by Dana Burnet, wherein the moral is that love has the power to weather many storms, including years of marriage contracted between a woman and a man who shielded her honor against the consequences of indiscretion with his younger brother. All that may be said of the novel is that it is "romantic" and that its heroine is another prima donna.

Lastly there is "The Gang" by Joseph Anthony, a young man of unquestioned talent in observation and depiction of character. But the best of his story is uncompromising realism sandwiched between layers of Booth Tarkington and Dick Merriwell. That which is realism and Tarkington I take to be a conspicuous achievement. It is pervaded with tenderness and compassion, and it has fine, earthy humor and teeming life. Mr. Anthony's visual and olfactory senses are perhaps too acute for squeamish readers, but his effects are powerfully

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achieved, and his humor is a triumph of selective dialogue. It is a story about rivalries of boys in the New York Ghetto, but it is also a careful depiction of Jewish family life, by a witty and sympathetic hand.

My mind returns, after these, to "Gold Shod" with that persistence of a deep impression. It is, in parts, badly written; the dialogue, except when it is between business men, is highflown, stilted, and unconvincing; the diction is often amateurish, as when, for instance, the author is documenting the hero's taste in the arts. But there is fervor in the book, a comprehension of the problem of industrial competition, and, however unwittingly, an explanation of the promiscuous intrigues of men whose creative aims have been frustrated by the demands of a material civilization.

I regret that Mr. Fuessle made his so conspicuously a thesis novel. He sustains badly his thesis, which is that women are materialists and that they crush the artistically creative instincts of men by making successful business men out of them. And I for one wish that he had more sympathy for these modern pirates and robber barons whose methods he knows so well. Pirates are romantic figures and the more unscrupulous they are, the more romantic they become. Even their stupidities and their grossness, their petty vanities and infantile amusements, take on a glamour. But all in all it is a highly meritorious novel, if only for its pictures of Bennett and Dufresne and its intimation that salvation of one's soul lies in an undivided attention to a single aim in life.

Gold Shod. By Newton Fuessle. Boni and Liveright.
Roads Going South. By Robert L. Duffus. The Macmillan Co.
The Lark. By Dana Burnet. Little, Brown and Co.
The Gang. By Joseph Anthony. Henry Holt and Co.

OUR LIVING LAUREATES

By Louis Untermeyer

I USE the plural advisedly. We are a (geographically) greater country than England and, having been brought up on quantity production, the three-ringed circus, and double-headers, two laureates at a time are none too much for us. And who are they? Frost and Sandburg? Lindsay and Lowell? Masters and Robinson? These are truly eminent couples, imposing candidates. But ours, remember, is a democracy—a country where the literature, like the law, is in the hands of the (numerically) great majority. Who, then, are the chosen singers? Ask the readers. Better still, ask the booksellers. What are the three standard copyright publications most in demand? The answer seldom varies: Dr. Holt's "The Care and Feeding of Children", "The Boston Cooking School (sometimes The White House) Cook Book", "The Poems of Robert W. Service". That establishes one poet. And his running-mate? It would be a pleasant incongruity to add either Frost or Masters and, considering the twenty-odd editions of "North of Boston" and "Spoon River Anthology", one is hopeful. But:—"The Reilly and Lee Company reports that 150,000 copies of the Guest books of verse were sold in American book stores in 1920." 150,000 books of verse by one author in one year! For Vice-President of The Amalgamated Poetry Societies of America: Edgar A. Guest.

Is further proof demanded? Well, ...When Guest reached Denver, on his lecture tour to the Coast, both branches of the Colorado legislature voted to adjourn and attend in a body when it was announced that the author of "A Heap o' Livin'" would

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speak at Denver's biggest theatre.... "In introducing the poet" (I quote the Chicago "Evening Post") "Mr. Cooley paid a splendid tribute to the poems which make everybody feel bigger and better and brighter....Wherever he went, folks wanted him to recite 'Ma and the Auto', 'The Lost Purse', 'Midnight in the Pantry'."..."I listened to him" (this quotation is from Henry E. Dougherty in the Los Angeles "Express") "when he brought tears to the eyes of 300 ministers at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. The next moment he had them laughing all over the place. They whipped out their handkerchiefs and looked surreptitiously at each other, did these men of God, as tho ashamed of their childishness *(sic!)** and then a moment later they roared with laughter."..."Judge Avery declared that no more lofty or inspiring or character-forming sentiments have ever been penned by an American poet."

The spell of Service is less local and far more potent. Is there an elocutionist that has not shrieked the tale of "A Madonna of the Streets" or a doughboy that has not heard (for the seventeenth time) "The Shooting of Dan McGrew"?..."The book 'Songs of A. Sourdough', subsequently called 'The Spell of the Yukon'" (I am now quoting the author's bird's-eye view of himself) "reached its seventh edition before the date of publication." ...His "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" had, as their text,

Have faith! Fight on! Amid the battle hell,
Love triumphs; Freedom beckons—all is well.

And, though no Judge Avery was on hand to nominate Service for the Hall of Fame, Witter Bynner, President of the Poetry Society, was roused to write, "It is what Kipling might have made of the War, had his genius been still young....Excitement, pathos, terror and tenderness or humor and, in the end, imbuing this reader with a closer sense of life in the Great War than any correspondent (*pace* Gibbs†), novelist (such as Barbusse†), or poet (*vide* Sassoon†) has yet given."

But it is possible to appraise the popularity of Guest and Service more directly. Both have recently appeared with new collections of verse in "two sizes of type pages, various bindings and richly illustrated slip-covers".

"When Day is Done", Edgar A. Guest's fifth and latest, carries a printed description of the book on the flap of its paper jacket. But the painting on the front (and back) of the envelope is a truer summary and a far swifter synthesis. The main figure in this *objet d'art* is an immaculate member of what must be the bourgeois-proletariat seated in a wicker chair beneath a vine-covered veranda, a pipe in his hand and a girl in his lap. The girl is taffy-blonde with a pink dress and a red ribbon in her hair. A comely young mother (presumably the wife) displays a lavender skirt, a crisp white shirtwaist, and a baby in her arms. The baby is smiling at the man. The mother beams. The landscape glows....These are the titles of some of the book's verses: "Satisfied with Life", "Safe at Home", "No Use Sighin'", "Sittin' on the Porch", "A Cure for Weariness", "The Happy Man", "God Made This Day for Me", "The Simple Things", "The Joys of Home", "No Better Land than This", "Life is What We Make It", "Learn to Smile". No negative moods here. No doubts, no uncomfortable analysis, no self-distrust, no preoccupation with such disturbing irritations as art, unemployment, grandeur,

*The interjection is mine.

†Interjections mine again.

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the class war, devastating passions, the fidelity that probes and penetrates. No wonder the Kiwanis Clubs, the Mystic Shriners, the Rotarians all hail Guest as their cheering laureate. His verse is a sedative if not a panacea. It is a pleasant narcotic, a syrupy concoction (fifty parts sugar, fifty parts chronic optimism) guaranteed to remove mental dyspepsia, pains in the head, and that bitter taste in the mouth. "Life is What We Make It!" "Learn to Smile!"

No use frettin' when the rain comes down,
No use grievin' when the gray clouds frown,
No use sighin' when the wind blows strong,
No use wailin' when the world's all wrong;
Only thing that a man can do
Is work an' wait till the sky gets blue.

This is the comforting message of "the Poet of the Plain People"—a message carried to the extent of dropped *g's*—with its tonic and inspiriting effervescence.

Old Mister Laughter
Comes a-grinnin' down the way,
Singin': "Never mind your troubles,
For they'll surely pass away."

What does it matter that Guest exploits the sentimentality of his people even more brazenly than Riley, that he boldly adopts the idiom of his master ("Jes' the sort of weather an' jes' the sort of sky which seem to suit my fancy with the white clouds driftin' by"—lines like these are typical), that his jingles about children are actually about creatures that live only in the pages of comic weeklies or the even less living stanzas of Will Carleton—"we welcome Edgar A. Guest" (thus the Reverend William L. Stidger) "because he sings of Faith and Prayer and Right Living". So say we all of us—at least 150,000 of us.

The paper jacket of Robert W. Service's new collection, "Ballads of a Bohemian", also has the figure of a man holding a pipe as its central motif. But the scene, in spite of the elegant red smoking jacket, is much less domestic. In the smoke that drifts through the room, the figures of five smiling young ladies are seen, evidently visions of the smoker's bohemian past. They are grouped about a table in traditional attitudes of adoration and abandon; one is a dancer, one a model, one a midinette, the other two seem to be professional magazine-cover bohemians. So with the poems they epitomize. Temporarily abandoning the red-blood-and-guts style which he carried off so jauntily, turning away from his borrowings from Kipling, from "the lusts that lure us on, the hates that hound us", Service, thinly disguising himself as an obscure free lance in Montparnasse, gives us a series of seventy-five ballads and verses connected by shreds of prose. It is a gay, mad life he pictures—and such a startlingly original one! It is as faithful to life as Puccini's sugared opera, as Villonesque as Henry K. Hadley's correctly mincing "In Bohemia". Here we have the Latin Quarter with its procession of libertine artists and dangerously beautiful models; its murderous *apache* lovers who forsake their haunts and lead honest lives as soon as their child is born; its half-sentimental, half-cynical *boulevardiers;* its sewing-girls who queen it in Moscow, Rome, and the Argentine and then come back to die in the gutters of Paris; its parade of absinthe-drinkers, dandies, grisettes, Philistines....It is all so refreshingly novel! The treatment of these unusual themes is consistently individualized. The famous story of the tame flea (the one that escapes and, after a search of the guest of honor, is handed back to its owner who cries, "That isn't my Lucille!"), this

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story is told in the metre of Gilbert's "Yarn of the Nancy Bell":

For you'll never know in that land of snow
how lonesome a man can feel;
So I made a fuss of the little cuss, and I
christened it "Lucille".
But the longest winter has its end, and the ice
went out to sea,
And I saw one day a ship in the bay, and there
was the Nancy Lee.

"The Pencil Seller" (beginning, "A pencil, sir; a penny—won't you buy?") and others of the same parlor genre are told in the rich declamatory idiom of "The Face on the Bar-room Floor". And when he leaves the Parisian background, Service's adaptability grows even more varied. He can be as lyrical as Noyes imploring one to come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time. Thus:

Hurrah! I'm off to Finistere, to Finistere, to
Finistere....

He can play the "Danny Deever" Dead March in Kipling's own key:

We're taking Marie Toro to her home in Pere-
La-Chaise;
We're taking Marie Toro to her last resting-
place.

Eugene Field? Why not? The little toy soldier placed on a shelf by Little Boy Blue becomes:

I'll put you away, little Teddy Bear,
In the cupboard far from my sight;
Maybe he'll come and he'll kiss you there,
A wee white ghost in the night.

Naturally, Mr. Service, living in petulant Paris, lacks Edgar A. Guest's unflagging buoyancy. But he can also cheer his (according to the sales sheets) great army of readers by writing verses like "The Joy of Little Things", "The Contented Man", and "The Joy of Being Poor". Technically, Service is incalculably Guest's superior even though he tries to rhyme such ill-mated pairs as "lyric—hysteric" and "rondel—respond well". But it is his pæans of Paris that will win him the admiration of all those who found his other verses so restrained and true to life. This is the life!—here amid the tinkling patter of the Boul' Mich', the Café de la Paix, the imbibing of countless Pernods, the plashing of the Fontaine de Medicis, the ever-fascinating poet's garret—this is the life of the true bohemian! We recognize it at once, we who have read "The Parisienne", who have seen a dozen ateliers in comic operas, we who find Merrick so much more effective than Murger. It is a rapidly growing gallery that Service is filling. Pictures of the Yukon, the War, the Red Cross, the Latin Quarter. It is almost time for the American laureate to rediscover his (and our) America.

When Day is Done. By Edgar A. Guest. Reilly and Lee.
Ballads of a Bohemian. By Robert W. Service. Barse and Hopkins.

LITERARY SNAPSHOTS

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

IT was for another generation that, more than a quarter of a century ago, James L. Ford wrote the chapters (originally appearing in the pages of old "Truth") which were collected in book form under the title of "The Literary Shop". This book, aiming to lash pretense and castigate humbug, was at times pitilessly savage in its method of attack. It is a kindlier and mellower James L. Ford who has penned these reminiscences of nearly half a century. The old fire is still there, and the undying spirit of rebellion, but the tempering years have brought many a revision of judgment, and softened many an ephemeral prejudice.

The title of the book was inevitable and is amply justified. But the range of observation extends far beyond the

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confines of the literary shop. It is forty odd years of the human history of New York, its artistic, literary, and theatrical life, its changing ideas and manners, its great men and the singular characters of its underworld. Mr. Ford not only knew Frank R. Stockton and H. C. Bunner and Mark Twain and W. D. Howells of the world of letters, and similarly distinguished men and women of the stage, but he also knew and found equally interesting the Red Countess, who was responsible for the death of Ferdinand Lassalle, Steve Brodie, of bridge jumping fame, "Silver Dollar" Smith, "Dry Dollar" Sullivan, and John Y. McKane, the Czar of Coney Island. First knowing the city of his adoption in what he calls its "Flash Age", a period of crime, reckless extravagance, political corruption, and false prosperity engendered by the Civil War, he has followed its tortuous history through to these days of the "keen set" and the "swift push".

The New York that Mr. Ford found in the 'seventies was aiming to displace Boston as the literary centre of the country. Henry James and W. D. Howells were laying the foundation of their fame and Mark Twain and Bret Harte were looming up in the far west. Relics of a still earlier period were the salons of Mrs. Botta, née Anne Lynch, and the Cary sisters, Alice and Phoebe. Conspicuous literary figures of the 'seventies were William Cullen Bryant, R. H. Stoddard, George William Curtis, Edmund Clarence Stedman, George Bancroft, and Bayard Taylor. Mr. Ford had glimpses of them, and also saw something of the "Pfaff crowd" which gathered nightly in a cellar on Broadway, near Bleecker Street. The "Pfaff crowd" styled themselves the Bohemians, taking the title from Murger's famous book. When that circle was in its prime Henry Clapp was known as its king, and Ada Clare as its queen, and the gifted Fitz-James O'Brien was a leading spirit.

It was in the early 'eighties that Mr. Ford, through H. C. Bunner, was introduced to the "Puck" staff, which was in a way the successor to the "Pfaff crowd". "Puck" was a power in those days. Frederick Burr Opper, James A. Wales, and Keppler were its chief artists, and Bunner, B. B. Valentine, and R. K. Munkittrick formed its literary staff. Bunner has been finding new admirers every year, but Munkittrick is almost forgotten. Munkittrick possessed an extraordinary facility in rhyming. Underlying his verse was a fine, serious quality, but if he failed to dispose of it in this form he would change it by the addition of what he called a "comic snapper" and contribute it to "Puck". When Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse" reached the "Puck" office, Munkittrick read it through and then remarked:

Austin, Austin, Austin, Dobby, Dobby, Dobby;
Although writing verses seems to be your hobby,
Stevenson can take you, with Gosse and Andy Lang,
And knock your heads together with a bang, bang, bang.

A friend of Mr. Ford's told him that he once repeated these lines to Austin Dobson but that the latter did not seem to think them very funny.

Forty Odd Years in the Literary Shop. By James L. Ford. E. P. Dutton and Co.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

By Ruth Hale

A STARTLING effect is obtained by the editor of "A Young Girl's Diary" in prefacing it with a letter of

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approval from Sigmund Freud, and with a few words of his own in which "affective trends" and "errors in functioning brought about by the influence of the Unconscious", etc., figure generously. This effect is to open a door, and let in some cold fresh air. If this is the kind of thing the psychoanalysts have been pondering over in secret conference, collecting painstakingly bit at a time and reporting back to the world in polysyllables, they have been giving themselves a lot of excess trouble.

"A Young Girl's Diary" is without any doubt, in the mind of this reviewer, a genuine piece of work. It does not appear to have been monkeyed with by anybody. It is bound to seem familiar to almost any honest female who can remember when she was twelve or fourteen; and by the same token, almost the only possible remark upon it, at the end of its reading, is: "All right, what of it?"

The "Diary" is a pretty simple matter. If it is valuable to analysts, one can only wonder where they've been keeping their eyes and ears all this time. Parents, even if they have been horrified, have not been unaware that a tremendous, emotionalized curiosity about sex has characterized their children from almost any given age on. What is more, plenty of parents have told each other all about it, in whispers.

There never has been the least ignorance on anybody's part about all of this. The objection we want to enter is really, not that this so-called revelation is stale, but that Freud did not make occasion to address miscellaneous parents, instead of his pupils; that the editor did not abandon the argot of "affective trends" and circus his message to those mighty hordes of incredible dupes—the mothers and fathers of growing children—and say: "You may now take your heads out of the sand."

It has always been considered very respectable to say that "the child in his development passes through all the phases of the race". But a single word more explicit than that is roundly damned. It is almost impossible for a parent to discover his child in some puppy stage of obscenity which could be of no consequence in the eyes of any sane person, without at once berating his child and mourning him as lost. Yet the self-same parent must know that obscenities are natural and necessary to certain stages of mankind.

All sorts of psychological experimentations are made by children, too. "A Young Girl's Diary" has plenty of them, including a schoolgirl "crush" for an older woman. Surely these things are no news to Mr. Freud's pupils. They are no news to parents, either. The trouble is that to parents, they are nearly always bad news. Who will write, or edit, a book to beguile parents into behaving themselves to children; to respect them at least enough to let them alone? "A Young Girl's Diary" might have done it if the psychoanalysts had not snatched it up as a discovery.

There is in it perhaps one thing the psychoanalysts need to know, for their own purposes. The "Diary" reveals the fact that even at eleven or twelve, the facts of sex and of life are too cruel and wasteful to face without flinching, and that the enervating process of what they call "idealization" will set in at an unbelievably early age.

Otherwise we of the lay people must claim the "Diary" for our own, and demand for it just such honest, if astonished consideration, as we would

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give it if it appeared as a novel, or a newspaper story. It isn't as if the psychoanalysts had nothing else to do.

A Young Girl's Diary, Prefaced with a Letter by Sigmund Freud. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Thomas Seltzer.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE

By Maurice Francis Egan

PRESIDENT MEZES in the first chapter of this volume gives, under the title "Preparations for Peace", a distinct impression of what President Wilson, through Colonel House, proposed to do to clear the way for the working of the Peace Conference. This work was begun in 1917, five months after the United States entered the war. The task proposed to the body of experts who were to collect and collate the required data seemed colossal; and, while Dr. Mezes does not exaggerate this difficulty, he shows how enormous it was. He tells us that the United States had no precedent and no preparation for the work which this body of experts were expected to undertake. The two main tasks before the Board of Inquiry were the delimitation of its field of work and the selection and training of its personnel.

The United States had considered its diplomatic and consular services of such little importance, in view of our freedom from foreign entanglements, that our archives were extremely deficient in even rudimentary material. Dr. Mezes admits this but he makes a mistake when he says:

> It was only recently that our diplomatic and consular services had been organized on a permanent basis with secure tenure, and the incumbents in these services had dealt chiefly with governments and with business agencies, and had little training or interest in questions of geography, history, ethnology, economics, strategy, etc., that would be the chief considerations at the Peace Conference. And few of these regions had been visited more than casually, or studied with any thoroughness by American travellers, traders, or scientists.

Where has Dr. Mezes received the impression that "our diplomatic and consular services had been organized on a permanent basis"? The diplomatic service is plainly impermanent; little improvement has been made in that direction, and, although the consular service has a promise of permanency, dependent on an executive order, yet such a thing as "a secure tenure" does not exist. It is curious that a people who pride themselves on being so efficient as ours should have left, after the experiences of the Great War, these services about just where they were before.

It is to be hoped that there will be no hasty readers of this important book. It deserves the most serious consideration, and he would be indeed ungrateful and thoughtless who would not give credit to the scrupulous care and high intelligence used by the gentlemen deputed to serve on this Board of Inquiry. That they made errors is evident enough; but no merely human association of scientific men could have escaped errors in view of the task imposed upon them.

To the readers of the daily newspapers, who would read with more intelligence if they had a proper background, this volume will be invaluable as a book of reference which is neither dull nor unattractive. One of the most interesting subjects treated here is that of "The New Boundaries of Germany". The settlement by the Peace Conference of the new boundary between Germany and Denmark seemed to be one of the simplest problems presented, and Dr. Charles Homer Haskins appears to think that it was one of the questions which most read-

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ily reached a just solution; but the Conference has been blamed for that solution which gave back to Denmark only a part of the Duchy of Schleswig, unjustly torn from it by Prussia and Austria in 1864. When the treaty settling this annexation was written in 1866, a clause was inserted, probably at the instance of France, that the "inhabitants of North Schleswig shall be again united with Denmark if they should express such a desire by a vote freely given". Prussia had never intended to permit any such process; and it is not improbable that the Peace Conference would have given almost all the original territory back to Denmark, if the Socialist Party, then in power in that country, had not shown great timidity in accepting it. The Danish government feared that a certain part of the Germanized zones might vote to remain with Denmark only to escape the weight of German taxation. Had it not been for this fear, a third zone might have been included in the part returned to Denmark. If the Danish government had represented at the Peace Conference that the votes in the third zone were Germanized votes, and should not have been at all taken into consideration, Flensburg would have become Danish, as it should be. But the Danish government was timid; it feared that there might be under its rule a body of Germans in sympathy with Prussia, who might continue to make trouble. The settlement, then, which from the point of view of the really patriotic Dane seems utterly unjust, was not due to any misconception or prejudice on the part of the body of experts.

"The Protection of Minorities and Natives in Transferred Territories" is a paper that deserves serious consideration. Here, for instance, is a very enlightening paragraph:

> To the Roumanian living in Eastern Serbia, for instance, it is not enough to have his child taught at school to read the Roumanian language—the instruction must be in the medium of the Roumanian language if the child's loyalty to his parents' beliefs is not to be weaned away. So the minority treaties provide that in districts where a considerable part of the population belongs to a linguistic minority, instruction must be provided in that people's own tongue.

This suggestion seems to be very "un-American", because it might seem to lead to a conclusion that instruction in the public school in one of our large American cities should be in some other language than in English. Manley O. Hudson points out that the Germans in Czecho-Slovakia and the Magyars in Roumania are in a very different position from that of the Germans in St. Louis and the Magyars in Cleveland. Whereas European emigrants have come to a new world, which is American, the Germans in Czecho-Slovakia and the Magyars in Roumania, for instance, have lived for centuries where their lives and their history are identified with their language.

Colonel House's article on "The Versailles Peace in Retrospect" is a remarkably clear and forceful document. The paragraphs on "Mandates" give the key to a very complicated problem; and the appendix, in which crucial questions are very frankly answered —we call special attention to the answers of Dr. James Brown Scott on "The Trial of the Kaiser"—is worth many times the price of the volume. In fact, as a work of reference, this book is priceless to the students of modern American history.

What Really Happened at Paris, The Story of the Peace Conference, 1918-1919. By American Delegates. Edited by Edward Mandell House and Charles Seymour. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

THIS seems to be the open season for male egoists. First May Sinclair with hue and cry tracks down Mr. Waddington and destroys him; and now comes the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" hunting a similar prey, one Wemyss, as hopeless a man as ever bullied his wife or harassed the servants. The tale is told in "Vera" (Doubleday, Page), and a clever, humorous, and depressing story it is. Where Miss Sinclair hunted with a blunderbuss, the author of "Vera" uses a small calibre rifle and relies on her unerring aim. She makes sad work of Wemyss, and when the book ends he seems to be well on the road to driving his second wife to suicide as he did his first. Yet we cannot help but wonder if there is not something to be said for him. He cannot be all black, though he is shown so. We wonder if he has been given quite a fair deal. Perhaps he really cared about tulips, or the history of the City of London during the Great Plague, or anything save himself.

"The Seven Ages of Man" by Ralph Bergengren (Atlantic) contains seven short essays: "Baby, Baby", "To Be a Boy", "On Meeting the Beloved", "This Is a Father", "On Being a Landlord", "Old Flies and Old Men", "The Olde, Olde, Very Olde Man". As their titles suggest, they are written with a light touch, smilingly, ever so gently. The author adores ideas of a mildly sentimental nature; he has no desire to be convincing or stimulating. A strain of kindly humor excuses the book in spite of an evident want of necessity for its existence. Though Mr. Bergengren has nothing important to say, he reveals a sympathetic understanding of children; and he would be readable in a flower garden where a hammock sways gently in summer zephyrs.

Margaret Widdemer has already won distinction with two earlier books of poems, "Factories" and "The Old Road to Paradise". In "Cross-Currents" (Harcourt) she takes a step ahead, and shows gain in lyric quality, vitality, and delicate finish. A reflective quality marks the work throughout, and enhances it. Miss Widdemer handles a wide variety of rhythms and stanza forms with natural ease. There is perhaps too much lyric repetition of phrase form or structure in the style, and now and then a prose line or two turns up, but not often. At times there is undue thinness, or the whimsical tone of a poem is carried too far and fails. On the whole, however, the book will interest many readers, because it deals in universal experiences, pleasantly portrayed.

The antics of Mary Roberts Rinehart's amusing feminine trio are continued in "More Tish" (Doran) to the accompaniment of the same broad laughs aroused by the earlier escapades of these incorrigibles. They maintain the high degree of risibility won in previous stories. Their war experiences are especially delectably flavored, and form a good dessert for more serious books of war fiction.

Two papers, discussing respectively the works of Paul Claudel and Charles

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Peguy, stand out among the collection "Some Modern French Writers" by G. Turquet-Milnes (McBride). Not even excessive long-windedness can deny, to the studies of these signal figures, a vigor and charm that has its grounding, chiefly, in Miss Turquet-Milnes's analyses and conclusions.

Were all biographies written in the graceful literary manner employed by Madame Duclaux in "Victor Hugo" (Holt)—one of the "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" series—perhaps such works might entice some small attention from transitory fiction. True, the historian chose to present a life filled in itself with a library of fiction material; still one is conscious of a judicious and fair use of the events of that life. While admiration for Hugo is apparent, that feeling induced no mental astigmatism to prevent a realization of his errors, and the picture of the man and his period is vivid.

"The Enchanted Years", edited by Professors Metcalf and Wilson (Harcourt), is a tribute from the foremost contemporary poets to the University of Virginia on the occasion of its centennial. The great majority of the poems are new, and more than occasional verse. D. H. Lawrence, Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Louis Untermeyer, Thomas Hardy, Arthur Symons, and Walter de la Mare are among the contributors.

There is rather an extravagantly tawdry quality about "Night Drums" (McCann) by Achmed Abdullah. But at the same time the book is glitteringly vivid. The story of Davies, the American, and his Arabian friend, and their ceaselessly exciting experiences in Africa—an Africa living up to its every sinister possibility—is one to stir the pulses of the man whose life is his business.

The case for conservation has not been more convincingly and entertainingly stated than in "The Passing of the Old West" by Hal G. Evarts (Little, Brown). The narrative is straightforward, the descriptions are impressive, and the characters, except those of the human species, are drawn with sincerity and sympathy. The author is endowed with that superlative qualification for effective writing, a real and comprehensive knowledge of his subject.

When an author writes about anything which he knows as well as his own life, it is generally understood that he takes a certain amount of interest in it. This, however, does not seem to be true of Princess Cantacuzène, judging by the style of her memoirs in "My Life Here and There" (Scribner). It is provided with only one mood and is as impersonal as a railway folder. All the cities are beautiful and all the people charming. When a woman disposes of a honeymoon in four and a half lines, one ceases to expect much of her. Nevertheless, the material in the book resists her best efforts to be dull. It tells of a life that fires our democratic imaginations—the splendor of the Austrian court, society in New York and Newport, a winter in Rome, and the glory of Russia under the Czar—and affords glimpses of the greatest personalities of the last generation.

The fatalism of the east and the effortism of the west come into conflict in "The Hidden Force" (Dodd, Mead). Louis Couperus's sensitive style in-

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forms the book with a rich melancholy, not so sonorous as the early Conrad, a gentler, more intimate, more poignant thing, colorful and sad, like that smiling, secretive, listlessly passionate island of Java on which the action takes place. Our one criticism is that Malay words occur frequently (almost one to the page) without adding particularly to the color, the meanings being given in footnotes that distract the attention from the business of the story. Nevertheless a fine translation by the remarkable Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

On a blizzardy night, with a driftwood fire, any reader should enjoy "The Land of Haunted Castles" (Century). In manner, content, size, and typography, it is ideally suited for such a situation. Robert J. Casey has told the tale of Luxemburg, where rival empires "stubbed their imperial toes for a thousand years", in a way to make any history fascinating. There are myths and facts, beauty and blood intermingled throughout the volume, and the whole is all too short, despite its 500 pages.

Pre-digested newspaper headlines give most Americans what little they know of the land of Plato as it is today. Yet there is earnestness, purpose, and almost romance in the minor international politics of southeastern Europe, as they are described by S. B. Chester in his "Life of Venizelos" (Doran). He builds about the central figure of Greece that country's modern history in a manner that takes away the tediousness of long names and complicated diplomacy, making the acquirement of knowledge a pleasure. The books offers good reading, interesting biography, and an enlightening record of facts.

Into "A Ballad Maker's Pack" (Harper) Arthur Guiterman has packed a rangy assortment of conventionally constructed verse. Some of the poems are of the creator's best; some he has surpassed so far, it seems too bad they are included in this work. Most interesting are the myths of many folk. The patriotic tone of his modern songs falls below the level of these others.

Since there are only thirty-six possible combinations of plot action, it is hardly fair to demand much originality, and "Youth Triumphant" by George Gibbs (Appleton) has the virtue of novelty in its details at least. We have been so sophisticated by the movies that when a poor little waif is adopted by rich old ladies we shrewdly suspect that the child will turn out to belong to their family after all; but there is a good deal in the process that cannot be guessed, and the style has a fascination that keeps you reading with more interest than you know it deserves.

That one must bring to the reading of poetry a certain knowledge of the technical difficulties surmounted, in order to appreciate it fully, is the tacit thesis of "The Enjoyment of Poetry" (Scribner), in which Max Eastman has undertaken to provide the necessary understanding of poetic art for the reader as well as for the artist. In this vigorous and stimulating study the author has cut with crucial phrases through the bale of foggy theory and sentimental tommyrot that have hitherto enveloped all defenses of the art, and has disclosed under the wrappings a common human yearning to see the world made over in fresh realizations. Although he quotes Whitman frequently Mr. Eastman holds no brief for the vers librists; and in a chapter

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on the "Ideals of Poetry" compares Whitman and Poe, to the disadvantage of the former.

Octavus Roy Cohen has given his new book of stories a peculiarly fitting title. They are "Highly Colored" (Dodd, Mead) in truth, for he has made the most of these episodes in the lives of his negro characters, if he has not somewhat exaggerated them. But the psychology is keen and Mr. Cohen's humor comes so easily and frequently that the book will be popular.

Remarkable in its clarity of intent and simplicity, "The Fruits of Victory" (Century) by Norman Angell uncovers post-war international and national political machinations. Mr. Angell, with pained disappointment, sees the fruits of victory sterile and bitter. "Decline of production due to certain moral disorders...economic paralysis following political disintegration", are a few of the results portrayed. Facts, artistically presented, though often far from pleasing, he flings with force and precision. Europe must forget nationalistic barriers, he strenuously maintains. And there must be international cooperation, necessitated by overpopulation, for no one nation of Europe is prepared today agriculturally to supply its own foodstuff and raw materials for manufacturing purposes. Social change, gastronomically brought about, instead of being due to intellectual desire—this is one of the clearest passages in the volume. War must be stemmed by a complete revision of our ideas and moral values, instead of international alliances, which are only international intrigues, Mr. Angell believes.

Fascinating realism decorates the four-cornered framework of plot in Rabindranath Tagore's novel "The Wreck" (Macmillan). The philosophy of Hindu and Brahmin, unshaken by jarring contact with Caucasian civilization, and love in the comparative peace of India—these, too, add to the charm of the volume. Perhaps it is the foreign style so typical of Tagore that counts most of all as he develops the quietly exciting situations.

Lewis Freeman Mott's biography of "Ernest Renan" (Appleton) gives a very accurate account of Renan's life, a judicious estimate of his work, and a number of well chosen selections from his various lines of thought. Renan's associations with Taine, Sainte-Beuve, and others are entertainingly related, and the personal Renan is charmingly portrayed.

A number of excellent essays of the late Walter Weyl, one-time associate editor of "The New Republic", are collected under the cover of "Tired Radicals" (Huebsch). He saw radicals as of two origins: those who result as such only from environment, and they who become such through irrepressible temperament. Of the latter he states: "they would be rebels in paradise and reformers in the Garden of Eden". Having attended the Peace Conference, Mr. Weyl made a careful study of Woodrow Wilson. In describing the former president, he becomes intensively cutting, almost with the brilliance worthy of a Shaw. Satire, however, is forgotten at the close of this essay, for he tells with unconstrained feeling of Wilson's "vision and deep eloquence...at rare moments". "Tired Radicals" does not become tiresome in any one of its 223 pages. And the death of Walter Weyl is an indubita-

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ble loss to all who seek for the big and genuine in American letters.

"Star-Points", Mrs. Waldo Richards's latest anthology (Houghton Mifflin), is announced as a collection of songs of joy, faith, and promise. The compiler has done well, and by the careful selection of short lyrics from poets of today, she has put together a volume more satisfying than would be thought possible. She shows discrimination in her wide variety of choice, and she avoids the too-sweet. There is very little free verse to be found here. While some of the lyrics lack permanent value, there is enough of lasting quality or interest in many others to warrant the popularity of the book.

"Dreamers" (Knopf) cannot rank with Knut Hamsun's later works. It is one of his earlier efforts, just now translated by W. W. Worster, and as such has a definite interest for those who know the Nobel prizewinner's greater books. "Dreamers" has an ironic humor not found in "Growth of the Soil", yet in the portrait work the strokes show an approach to this other story. It is a small book physically, built on the exploits of a thieving hero in a Scandinavian settlement of simple folk. It can be enjoyed with or without a previous knowledge of the author, but it is not stupendous.

One is apt to read James James's "Guide Book to Women" (Dutton) through avidly to the oh, how bitter end, and then turn back to the beginning to find out what ailed him. The contents of his book are very interesting for the first little while. He takes his stand upon the subject of woman, in brief that they are the late missing link, and he outlines that stand very competently. But he is not content to stand on his stand—he must jump up and down on it—till finally one supposes that some previous affliction drew him there. A new voice on an old subject is always welcome, and Mr. James could have had a better welcome even than he has if he had first disciplined his manners as a messenger.

"The three darndest, orneriest, damndest things on earth is a Ford, or a goat, or an Injun." So says Casey Ryan; and the book of that name (Little, Brown) by B. M. Bower relates his would-be ludicrous and thrilling adventures with the three. To provide startling improbability the author drags in a Little Woman, cultivated this time, who marries Casey and, it is to be hoped—we really deserve revenge—teaches him that he omitted something from his catalogue of the darndest, orneriest, damndest things on earth.

No one fettered to land should approach W. L. George's "A London Mosaic" (Stokes) without a large reserve of self-denial and a spirit of impending martyrdom. George does not paint his adopted home in all bright colors, but, somehow, the drab shades nurture a longing for travel even more than do the brilliant. The Forbes-Robertson pictures add further dregs to the cups of those who must stay at home.

Analyze your customer, is the message of "The Human Side of Retail Selling" by Ruth Leigh (Appleton). A saleswoman must know how to carry on a conversation and what to do with various types, especially flappers. The book contains readable common sense,

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in November in the public libraries in the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. If Winter Comes	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE, BROWN
3. Her Father's Daughter	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
5. Alice Adams	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
6. Helen of the Old House	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. If Winter Comes	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE, BROWN
2. Helen of the Old House	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
3. Her Father's Daughter	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
4. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
5. The Obstacle Race	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
6. The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. Helen of the Old House	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
3. Her Father's Daughter	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
5. If Winter Comes	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE, BROWN
6. Alice Adams	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. Helen of the Old House	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
3. The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
4. Her Father's Daughter	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
5. If Winter Comes	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE, BROWN
6. The Pride of Palomar	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN

WESTERN STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. Helen of the Old House	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
3. Her Father's Daughter	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Pride of Palomar	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
5. The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
6. The Beloved Woman	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. Helen of the Old House	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
3. Her Father's Daughter	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
5. If Winter Comes	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE, BROWN
6. The Pride of Palomar	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
3.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
4.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
5.	The Mirrors of Washington	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
6.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	The Mirrors of Washington	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
2.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
3.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
4.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
5.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
6.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
3.	The Mirrors of Washington	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
4.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
5.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
6.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
2.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
3.	The Mirrors of Washington	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
4.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
5.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
6.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER

WESTERN STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
3.	The Mirrors of Washington	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
4.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
5.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
6.	My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt	*Corinne Roosevelt Robinson*	SCRIBNER

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
3.	The Mirrors of Washington	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
4.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
5.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
6.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

The Icelandic Renaissance

THE three nations of the Scandinavian mainland, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, are looking with amazement at the artistic and literary development of their little cousin, Iceland. The first singer of the dawn came in the opening decade of the nineteenth century, when Bjarni Thorarensen, returning from abroad, began to restring the northern lyre. It is said of Selma Lagerlöf, the Swedish novelist, that she has read but one poem in her life, and that Bjarni Thorarensen's "Song of Sigrun". Thorarensen's rugged and highly original genius has found many admirers on the European continent, notwithstanding the extreme difficulty of reproducing Icelandic poetic effects in other languages.

Contemporary with Thorarensen is Jonas Hallgrimsson, a man even more important in the development of modern Icelandic poetry. He was a born singer, a sort of Shelley of the north, master of a poetry exquisitely perfect in form, and lofty in thought and sentiment. He was associated with the "Fjolnir" group, which did so much to purify modern Icelandic and to set it up as a literary medium. His poetry, and the criticism by the "Fjolnir" group of the shallow-popular school of versifiers which was in high favor at the time, have been the great guiding influences in setting the direction of Iceland's poetic development in our days.

Thorarensen and Hallgrimsson, often called the Goethe and Schiller of Iceland, both died in the 'forties, the former in 1841, the latter in 1845. After them the Icelandic poetic renaissance comes on in successive waves: in the 'forties Grimur Thomsen; in the 'fifties Benedikt Grondal, the younger; in the 'sixties Matthias Jochumsson, Steingrimur Thorsteinsson, and Kristjan Jonsson; in the 'eighties Hannes Hafstein, Einar Benediktsson, Thorstein Erlingsson, and Stephan G. Stephansson (the last named an expatriate who lives on a farm in western Canada); in the first decade of this century Jonas Gudlaugsson, and the group of Icelanders who wrote in Danish; and right down to our own time with Jakob Thorarensen, Stefan fra Hvitadal, Sigurjon Jonsson, and David Stefansson, the last two having made their debut since 1919. To attempt an evaluation of these poets and their work for an English-reading audience would be a bootless task. Very little of their work exists in English translation, and the best that can be said for such translations as there are, is that they seem very bad indeed beside their superb originals.

There is, however, another phase of the Icelandic renaissance which we in America can understand and appreciate very well. It is the growth of Icelandic prose fiction, the novel and the short story. The short story, it is interesting to note, is almost as popular in Iceland as it is in America, and a great deal of the country's creative talent is busied with it. The novel, with such men as Einar Hjorleifsson Kvaran, Iceland's greatest master of prose fiction since the saga age, and Gunnar Gunnarsson, whose work is becoming known to us on this side the

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pond through the translations of his "Sworn Brothers" and "Guest the One-Eyed", seems to be in the penultimate stage of a great development. It is waiting for *the* master.

The Icelandic novel will reach its greatest height only when it gets away from the influences which brought it into being early in the last century. That is only a seeming paradox. The germ of modern Icelandic prose fiction is a little story by the poet Jonas Hallgrimsson, entitled "Grasaferdin", and its immediate successor is Jon Thoroddsen's "Boy and Girl". Both these tales are influenced strongly by Danish romanticism. And the influence of Thoroddsen and Hallgrimsson has been fairly constant in the Icelandic novel up to the present time; it is evident in the work of both Kvaran and Gunnarsson.

The genius of the Icelandic people is not of a romantic tinge. It works best in a clear, cold light, with the harsh realities and ugly spots of life, as well as its beauties, receiving their just and exact coloring. That is the spirit one finds at work in the sagas, and that seems to be the spirit in which the Icelandic novel of our day may achieve a form approximate in greatness to the sagas. And it is at work in the Icelandic prose fiction of the present time. It came in in the 'eighties with the short story writer Gestur Palsson, who died before reaching the fulness of his genius, and whose work is perhaps a little too coldly satirical and pessimistic. It is at its best today in the work of another short story writer, Gudmundur Fridjonsson, a man past fifty who publishes a volume every year or so. In such collections of his as "Ten Stories", 1918, and "From All Directions", 1919, there is a clear northern sun, and a sharp northern wind blowing. His stories are full of the old Icelandic strength and the country's great quiet places, and they have a coolly satirical coloring.

No one can mention the Icelandic literature of our time without a reference to the group of writers who set out to make a conquest of Denmark in the years between 1905 and 1912. In this business of conquering Denmark, and giving that flat seaboard country what Louis Levy calls "a high-northern renaissance", Johann Sigurjonsson, Gunnar Gunnarsson, Gudmundur Kamban, and Jonas Gudlaugsson were the leaders. Their work, written in Danish, a language differing very much from Icelandic, has received great praise from such critics as Georg Brandes, and will no doubt be the basis for a healthy quarrel between Iceland and Denmark in years to come concerning the "ownership" of these authors. Some of the plays of Sigurjonsson and Kamban and two of the novels of Gunnarsson are accessible to American readers in translation. Jonas Gudlaugsson was a lyric poet whose work has not yet seen the Anglo-Saxon light.

The greatest of these Danish-writing Icelanders was, without a doubt, the playwright Johann Sigurjonsson, who died in 1919, at the age of thirty-nine. Any discussion of his work would involve an inquiry into the origin and growth of the Icelandic drama, which is an exotic form in the saga island. Exotic, because the drama is an art form which needs urban life for its development, and town life is a very new thing in Iceland. It is—but the sternly raised editorial hand warns me that I am blocking departmental traffic, and so an end to Iceland, for the time.

EDGAR HOLGER CAHILL

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Books from Belgium

MAURICE MAETERLINCK, of whom Emile Verhaeren once said, "The spirit of the whole world has been influenced and made nobler by him", is still living. Verhaeren himself met an untimely death in 1916. Yet it is the latter rather than the former who is today making disciples in the land of Albert the Well-Beloved. For Maeterlinck is universal rather than patriotic. Verhaeren was Belgian always. While the former was *brooding* over "The Grand Secret", the latter was *writing* "La Belgique Sanglante". The one is the author of "Wisdom and Destiny", the other, of "Les Forces Tumultueuses". Maeterlinck has written on bees. One of Verhaeren's latest poems was "The People of Liége". Consequently there is a Verhaeren school in Belgium today.

For a country slightly less than 12,000 square miles in area—Maryland is a trifle larger—Belgium has as many poets in proportion to her size as Ireland or Indiana! One of these, Oscar Henry, published a short while ago a book of verse entitled "Le Volcan Eteint" (The Extinct Volcano). Four verses run as follows:

Hélas! vint un jour où la force
Des flagrantes fatalités
Vit poindre les cupidités
Dont s'invulnère l'âpre écorce.

Any poet who wedges in between *force* and *bark* two such nouns as *fatality* and *cupidity* is writing as Emile Verhaeren wrote. The same type of poetry is to be found in one of his last poems entitled "Guillaume II" and portraying the fatal cupidities of the ex-Kaiser, the bitter bark of whose soul, Verhaeren showed, was immune to the stings of everything, including conscience. But M. Henry is not so clear as his master.

It will be remembered too that Verhaeren once brought out a collection of poems under the title of "La Multiple Splendeur". One of his disciples, Léon Grégoire, now follows it up with a volume he calls "Le Frisson Multiple" (The Multiple Chill). M. Grégoire is "carrying on" for his master. Just as Verhaeren portrayed the rain and wind of his native Belgian plains, so does Grégoire depict the storm, with allusions to the hail of shot and shell that raged over Belgium during the war. But he is superior to Oscar Henry.

For Belgian patriotism of a gentler kind, however, we must look to A. M. Gossez, whose "Au Pays des Pâtures" (In Pasture Lands) glorifies the fields of Flanders, the Ardennes of the Walloons, and his native Picardy. There is in these verses a good deal of reflection which some critics would maintain is out of place in nature poetry. It would be hard for them to defend their contention in the case of M. Gossez. Reflection in descriptive poetry is not to be condemned if it is accompanied by an adequate amount of the perfume of the soil. If in truth it reveals a logical love of country reasoned comment may be necessary to balance and proportion.

Then there are the war books in prose. It is rather significant that Belgium, the first country to be ravaged, was the last to begin the publication of books that show just what happened to her during the war. In this class falls Georges Virrès's "A Côté de la Guerre" (By the Side of War). M. Virrès (his real name is Henri Briers) has written a compact volume of over 400 pages in which he has veiled nothing, omitted nothing, and pardoned nothing. As the mayor of Lummen he was imprisoned, sent to Germany, allowed then to go to Holland for a short while, brought back

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to Belgium—but we may imagine what treatment he received. It is not of himself however that he speaks so much as of his fellow sufferers. It is a picturesque tale of how a grave people is cowed into disgraceful submission by the enemy who said more than once, "Yes, we are here to stay." There was part truth in what they said, for the Germans are now rebuilding the town of Lummen which they burned in 1914.

Though not exactly noted for her work in the dramatic field, Belgium has given the first drama based on life in Soviet Russia. And she has sent it on to Paris. Henry Kistemaeker's "La Passante" was performed recently at the Théâtre de Paris with uncommon success both because of the novelty of its source and its dramaturgic excellence. The first act takes place on a cold winter day in Petrograd. A French scientist by the name of Roger Latenac has escaped from a war prison, come to Petrograd, taken on an English name, and is making his living by giving private lessons in English. He is in his room when a supposedly kindhearted neighbor enters with some bread which he is quite eager to share with his English friend. Of course, the man with the bread turns out to be a Bolshevik spy—and from this point on things move rapidly around a good love story as a turning point.

In September, 1919, the late Octave Maus began to write his memoirs in Lausanne, Switzerland. He was ill at the time and, if we may believe the medical fraternity, it is to his illness that we owe the lucidity and warmth that characterize his "Préludes" just published in fragmentary form. M. Maus has recorded the impressions of his adolescence. There is in them not merely the aristocracy of his own youth and his own life but something of the tone and passion that we associate with Gérard de Nerval's "Sylvie". There is in them too something of the detailed analysis of life that we find in the confessional or autobiographical works of Marcel Proust. That M. Maus died before the work was finished merely adds to its charm. We like to wonder what else he had in mind to say, just as we wonder what the Venus de Milo looked like before being mutilated.

Nor is Belgium without her mysticism. Eveline le Maire, noted already for her works dealing with feminine psychology, has written a novel entitled "L'Homme au Gant" (The Man with the Glove)—the theme is borrowed from Titian—in which the hero, surging forth in a milieu of young women artists, armed with a fatal gift at seduction, abandons himself to his instincts without after all pressing his adventures beyond permissible limits. The bulk of the book consists of the *journal intime* of one of his innocent victims who explains, with remarkable thought dolorous clairvoyance, the secret of his soul and hers. The writer of these lines has not read the novel itself. But from what Belgian critics are saying about it, it is manifestly one of those works that they take for granted in Latin Europe but over which we would start a war.

Latin Europe—there is the rub with regard to Belgium. For Belgium is part Latin and part Germanic in language, literature, and allegiance. When the French raised their voice in mighty protest a few weeks ago against the substitution of English for French as the language of diplomacy, Yvan Gilkin and Maurice Wilmotte of the Belgian Academy (established a year ago) addressed a note to the venerable French Academy in

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which they made a plea for French "spoken by more than three million Belgians". In taking this step they had the Belgian government behind them almost solidly, and some excellent traditions. It remains a hard fact however that Belgium has in it Walloons and Flemings who speak a language that resembles English more nearly than German or Dutch and which is further from French than from any of the three. We picture the Belgian army for example as made up of soldiers who spoke nothing but French. In very truth, and in bitter truth, some of Belgium's soldiers were unable to understand a single command given them during the war by their French-speaking officers.

How this phase of Belgium's literature is going to work out no man can tell. The Walloons and Flemings are becoming more and more "patriotic", more and more determined to write in their own language and speak in their own tongue and be taught in their own university, at Ghent. During the war, Wies Moens, one of the youngest and most rabid Flemings, was imprisoned for activism, a euphonious term for alleged fraternization with the enemy. While in prison he wrote a book of verse entitled "De Boodschap" (The Message). Bilingualism will hardly help Belgium's message to the world.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

French Notes

GENERAL BUAT, Chief of Staff of the French Army, who came to Washington as military adviser for the French Delegation, is the author of two books, "Ludendorff" (Payot, 1920) and "Hindenburg" (Chapelot, 1921). One opens these books not without a certain apprehension: passion or prejudice might be expected. It is a surprise therefore to find a purely objective portrait of the German Chief of Staff and his assistant, character studies that will certainly go down to history. Besides their historical and military value, these books are written in a brilliant, easy style that speaks highly for General Buat's literary gifts.

Anatole France receives the Nobel Prize for literature. (Other Frenchmen to whom it has been given in the past are Sully-Prudhomme, Mistral, and Romain Rolland.) The rumor that his "communist" opinions barred him from consideration is therefore proved unfounded. This only communist member of the French Academy (who never attends a sitting of the noble company) has a delightful sense of humor, and we think that he will be amused at the comments provoked by this new dignity; how many of these comments will be based on his political opinions, how few on the literary perfection of his work?

Another Academician, Pierre Loti, has written a book in collaboration with his son Samuel Viaud (Loti's real name is Julien Viaud, as Anatole France's real name is Anatole Thibaud). "Suprêmes Visions d'Orient" (Calmann-Lévy) is a cheap title, suggesting fake Algerian dances in a Montmartre cabaret. But the book is admirably written; which is better than 300 pages of trash with a lucky title. Pierre Loti has always had more taste than judgment. The rising flood of literature on the Far East reminds us that quite a few years ago, when knowledge was scarce on the subject, Loti marked down the Japanese race as a hopeless, degenerate one, monkeying the west but incapable of energy, of will, or of a purpose of their own. ...Precursors are not always prophets.

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"Mars ou la Guerre Jugée" (Nouvelle Revue Française) is a critical and philosophical essay on war, by a man who is a direct spiritual descendant of Montaigne and the French humanists. Alain (Professor Chartier) has gathered his clever observations and conclusions without trying to play one party against another. Therefore his work will survive. "There are two capital errors concerning war", he says, "and both are equally dangerous. One is to believe that war is unavoidable; the other is to believe that it is impossible." Let the Washington Conference take inspiration from this maxim....

Those interested in the much discussed colonial army of France, and in the soul of the black race in general, should read Lucie Consturier's book, "Des Inconnus chez Moi". Senegalese soldiers were billeted for some time on Mme. Consturier's estate in the south of France, and this is the very persuasive story of how she came to understand and know them, their feelings, their mysticisms, their queer traditions, and their virtues.

Alfred Martineau, former governor of the French settlements in India, has written "Dupleix et l'Inde Française" (1722-1741). Perhaps a few Americans are unaware that India is not wholly British. The French own five cities: Pondichéry, Chandernagor, Mahé, Karikal, Yanaon. This is the remnant of a great colonial empire which was lost by France at the time when Canada was surrendered. The present book (Champion) is the first of a series of three that will tell the dramatic story of the rise and fall of the French in India, of the genius of Dupleix their leader, and of Lally-Tollendal, his heroic and unhappy follower.

PIERRE DE LANUX

An Italian Letter

ITALIAN literature is going through such a crisis, young authors have gone out of their way to such an extent in following the superficial French fashions, there is such utter darkness where new day ought to break, that one is obliged to reconsider that part of the horizon where the sun has set and where its last rays still illuminate the twilight. We are returning—and not only the critics, but more especially the public and the publishers—to those who we thought had outlived their time. The "young writers" who interest us today are anything but young, for some of them are over fifty. For many years we passed them by almost unnoticed; only now, when intelligent publishers are urging them to collect their work, do we see that they really are the only noteworthy writers in this period of transition.

Such is the case with Enrico Thovez who appeared suddenly in the literary field about thirty years ago, revealing himself in honest impetuous polemics as a perspicacious, subtle critic. In 1901 he published a book of verses, "Il Poema dell'Adolescenza" (Streglio, Torino), which found no favor in the eyes of the critics, an unjust judgment, however, for Thovez's verses realized an attempt of capital importance toward renewing the metrical system. After this, the indignant poet devoted all his public activities to the subject of art criticism in which he excelled, and the poetical world knew him no more. But in 1909 his book (the first after "Il Poema dell'Adolescenza"), "Il Pastore, il Gregge e la Zampogna" (Ricciardi, Napoli, reprinted in 1920), brought him back once more into the literary field. This book aroused discussions and marked an epoch in Italian culture, for it represented an effort toward independ-

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ence from the tyranny of three great contemporary writers: Carducci, Pascoli, D'Annunzio. It marked the closing of a literary period and the opening of another in which the revival of our poetry will perhaps mature after this dark interval of waiting. From 1909 until 1920 Thovez wrote no more books but continued his quiet and solitary work as art critic and contributor of newspaper articles to the big dailies. "Mimi dei Moderni" (Ricciardi, Napoli) appeared in book form, a charming series of "causeries" on art, music, and letters which had previously been published separately. This year Thovez has given us two other volumes: "Il Vangelo della Pittura ed altre Prose d'Arte" (Lattes, Torino) and "L'Arco di Ulisse" (Ricciardi, Napoli), the former a tasteful collection of his best papers on art and the latter miscellaneous essays on literature and music, both embracing about thirty years' activities. To all of these books one turns as to new works. So fresh are they, so utterly unprejudiced, that one would imagine them to be the work of a young man who, having overcome the exaggerations of youth, had bravely found his way.

Another typical case is that of Pietro Mastri of whom great things were expected twenty or so years ago with "L'Arcobaleno" (present reprint Zanichelli, Bologna), a small volume of verses which placed him in the front ranks among the poets and writers during the golden age of the Florentine "Marzocco". In 1900 Mastri sang of nature in a gentle and frank manner, revealing here and there a Pascolian influence. Seven years later a new volume of verses appeared, "Lo Specchio e la Falce" (Treves, Milano; present reprint Bemporad, Firenze), written in a pessimistic and sombre vein, revealing a true poet. For some time Mastri was silent, then his name reappeared unexpectedly in a new collection of verses: "La Meridiana" (Taddei, Ferrara). Many critics did not know who he was, believing him to be a young beginner (whereas Mastri is fifty years of age). Yet in his volume of verses there is more real poetry than in all the "avveniristi" and futurist poets put together. He is a poet who knows admirably how to be himself; he does not stutter but sings in a deep voice. For this and for the exquisite art he possesses, for his happy combinations of old rhythms and new metres, Mastri appears to us not a survivor but a man in his full lyrical power, an innovator in the finest and best sense of the word. Decidedly, from older men we nowadays get youth.

GEROLAMO LAZZERI

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

Shaw Desmond

An Englishman visiting America usually sees a strange America, an America of teas and women's clubs, an America of rushing trains and inchoate opinions, a whirlwind of eager and often ill-mannered reporters, a rush of tuft-hunters of all sexes, sizes, and shapes. J. C. Squire and A. P. Herbert have sailed away from us again. They'll doubtless enjoy Christmas plum pudding in London. So will Archibald Marshall, who left on the "Adriatic" last week (the same boat by the way which carried Stephen Vincent Benét and his bride). Shortly before he left, Herbert confided to us that the one thing he had most wanted to see in America was a bunch of real American negroes shooting craps. We tried to arrange a party for him in Harlem, but failed. "Shuffle Along", however, was the next best thing. He saw that. Shaw Desmond, the author of "Passion", "Democracy", "Gods", etc., who is here lecturing, has been more fortunate. Possibly that's because he's Irish. Obviously Irish is Shaw Desmond, is he. Curly greyish hair, ruddy face, jerky manners, he immediately creates an impression of unusual vitality and unbounded enthusiasm. He has definitely allied himself with cabmen and elevator boys. He has lived on the East Side and in Harlem. He is determined to understand America no matter what hygienic difficulties may arise. It was in this manner that he undertook to understand the Irish situation last year. His talks on Ireland are filled with understanding and a certain flame which is unmistakably as green or greener than Erin itself. We like Mr. Desmond. He is a breathless gentleman. As for Squire and Herbert, their trip was without disaster. We heard of them from Yale, from Harvard, from Princeton. In fact, it was a shock to us to hear the gentlemen state that Princeton is the most beautiful college in America. However, every man is entitled to his—well, anyway, we retaliate by printing Gene Markey's impression of the English pair as they appeared in the great town of Chicago, where they were shown everything from the stock yards to the opera.

Mr. Squire *Mr. Herbert*

We found the dinner of The Authors' League Fellowship more amusing than last year's festivity. A thousand folk is a large crowd from which

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to demand sprightliness. The graduating class of The Authors' High School, clad in simple blue and white raiment as befits youth and modesty, recited ably under the direction of Channing Pollock as master. He introduced first the "poet lariat", Will Rogers. Rogers says that he's really an author. Wished he'd brought his book along to prove it. His book on the Peace Conference. It sold *one copy*. Now his publishers, writing to ask for a new book, tell him that they think they could *double* the sale. Gelett Burgess, Chairman of the School Committee, was noticed because of his whiskers and his limericks. Donald Ogden Stewart delivered the Salutatory. Mr. Stewart either simulated nervousness, or was it stimulated? At any rate, his speech, closing haltingly with Lincoln's now famous Gettysburg address, gave an impression of winsome boyishness. Alice Duer Miller, looking scarcely her fifteen years, made the class prophecy. So brilliant was this talented group that it seemed quite incredible to parents and their friends that so many promising youngsters could actually be members of the same class. If all gatherings of authors could be so augmented by the presence of the theatrical, such gatherings would doubtless be as amusing as was this one. We had never seen Anita Loos in the flesh. It was a treat. Laurette Taylor, too—to say nothing whatsoever of James Montgomery Flagg. It was an excellent graduating exercise; and our best wishes go with this little class as it starts bravely out upon the rough sea of life's adventure. May the buffets of rough waves be few!

Margaret Lee Keyting writes inviting us to come to Utah. We've always wanted to go to Utah, particularly now that we know what a really literary community it is, and that other works than "The Book of Mormon" are to be associated with the shores of Great Salt Lake.

There is a tiny world of literary gossip out here. Mary Briarly's "In His Own Image" threw a bomb into the most conservative and cultured circle that Salt Lake possesses. No one ever dreamed she would write such a book, for she is the wife of a most respected judge here, and none, not even her husband, saw the book until the publishers had it on the market. Mrs. C. E. Richards, whose new juvenile is just out, is a most fascinating personality. She is the author of the "Blue Bonnet" series and "Only Henrietta" and, I think, is now riding the wave soon to crest in placing her as the most loved writer in her field. Some of the letters she has received are charming in the child-winsomeness of their appreciation. Katherine B. Hamill has encouraging reports from the sale of her first novel "The Flower of Monterey" and has recently sold three scenarios. I think we may look for something really big from her in the near future, though her present is chaos due to the loss of her husband.

I must tell you of our wonderful country and bribe you with its rare individuality. My novel "Sunrise" (coming up) just reeks with the unusual of this land of ours. Two healthy most masculine sons keep me pretty well absorbed and interested about sixteen hours out of each twenty-four. Wish someone could discover us a method of distilling some six or ten extra. Home brewers seem able to do everything else.

H. G. Wells is an unarmed man until he picks up a pen. With that weapon, as we all know, he can lead violent assaults upon the armies of France and shake the world with revolutions. But as a talking person he is mild and genial. His voice has a curious trick of breaking into a falsetto not unlike that of Theodore Roosevelt. The Colonel, however, succeeded in adapting this vocal weakness into a device for emphasis. The break in the Wellsian voice is more erratic and has no militant quality. As a matter of fact, the creator of Mr. Polly is not very fond of talking unless the circle of listeners is small and close at hand.

In spite of his mission to America as a political reporter and commenta-

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tor for the New York "World" and the Chicago "Tribune", Mr. Wells is easily diverted from battleships to books. Upon calm reflection he will tell you that "Tono Bungay" is his best novel. Nevertheless, he has a peculiarly close warmth for "The History of Mr. Polly". It was written, he says, at a time of crisis in his life and the book provided an escape from an ever present sorrow and worry. The humor of "Mr. Polly" represents a successful piping on the part of the author to keep up his own courage. There is something of the artisan as well as the artist in our English visitor. He is fond of being asked how long it took him to write "The Outline of History" and how many words it contains. Generally he will volunteer information as to the number of times the manuscript was revised and he is almost certain to add with pardonable pride that he set it all down in longhand.

Wells lives at one of the smaller Washington hotels and is not lured out very much. Apparently he spends little time in contact with any of the political figures about him. The sessions of the Conference itself seem to give him all the material he needs. When captured for social affairs he suffers questions, even foolish ones, very patiently. At one gathering a lovely lady sat at his feet and decided to read aloud the biography of Wells from the encyclopædia. She went along smoothly enough through the date and place of his birth and his father's name, but then she hesitated in obvious embarrassment. "Go on," said Wells smiling; "read what my father's job was." The lovely lady had hesitated because she found in the encyclopædia "gardener and professional cricketer". Evidently her faith in the democracy of England's greatest radical had failed her.

Sara Teasdale

Sara Teasdale telephoned us the other day that she wouldn't be able to speak because—(now we happen to know that she is one of the few poets who practically never read their own works)—*because* she was still engaged in compiling her small anthology of poems for children. Personally, we have many ideas on this subject. One of our theories is that any child of ordinary mentality can be taught to write verse or rather, perhaps, is a natural poet. God forbid that all children should be encouraged to develop the faculty; but it is our belief that their native understanding of good verse is killed bit by bit in the public schools. Several years ago it was our privilege to instruct three or four youngsters of seven to twelve years in English composition. We found that they liked the best of Shelley and Keats, liked it to the point of learning it and reciting it aloud, even after they had gone to bed at night. As a result of this, they put into their own writing the rhythm and the spirit of great poetry. Perhaps it is too much trouble for the ordinary parent, busy with other cares, to search out the unusual poem that a child will like. It is easier to drug his sense of poetry with the choppy rhythms of Longfellow. For this reason, we hope that Mrs. Filsinger's book will fulfil the expectations we have of it. For no one should understand better than she the true lyric note—and it is, we believe, the lyric that the younger children actually like best.

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Jerry Blum

We called the other night at the house of Jerome Blum to see his Tahitian pictures. Jerry lives on Eleventh Street. It would be a commonplace house were it not for the pictures: golden things filled with scarlet sunshine and a sea collecting undreamed colors. Beside us on the floor sat Frederick O'Brien. If one wanted evidence as to the essential truth of Blum's work, here it was. And O'Brien was silent. We cannot pretend to give a description of those canvases, but they are a mingling of the exotic, the graceful, and the warm of what we have pictured as the colorful in the atmosphere of the South Seas. It was amusing, too, to watch Mrs. Jerry Blum sketch her husband. How few men would care to trust themselves to the limning of a wife!

Canada is commencing to take its literature with more than common seriousness. We might even commend it to the attention of so observing an American critic as H. L. Mencken. During the recent Authors' Week in the Dominion even the Rotary Club turned its eyes from pies to pens, and at the Château Frontenac in Quebec gave over a meeting to literature. Few countries have so curious a lingual situation as has Canada (New York City, of course, has a well developed Yiddish literature); at any meeting of this type in Quebec, the French-Canadian must be given his say. M. Sirois, speaking there, mentioned names that seem foreign enough to us, but are actually an integral part of American literature: historians, poets, Garneau, Ferland, Chapais, Charbonneau, Nelligan; critics, too, men like Abbé Camille Roy, Abbé Auclair, and Charbonneau, "with his three clever volumes of 'Influences Françaises au Canada'". The Honorable Frank Carrel then spoke on the English-Canadian authors:

> Canadian Authors' Week, which we are celebrating today, has for its object the marketing of Canadian books, and thereby creating a greater demand for the works of Canadian authors. In literature, and by this I mean authors, Canada can well boast of an especially rich endowment. In the publication of books, Canada can well hold her own with any country of her population, but the sale of books, in order to make them a profitable venture, is the weak spot which we, as Rotarians, can do our share to strengthen, by all agreeing to purchase at least one Canadian book by a Canadian author, during this week.
>
> To prove that we have a rich endowment I have only to mention a list of some of the most widely read authors in Great Britain and the United States and they would include a number of Canadians....
>
> As we cherish the valorous and courageous deeds of our forefathers, so let us not be ashamed of the part we have played, in helping to blaze the long trail of civilization and progress which started over three hundred years ago, from the barren shores of the broad Atlantic, and is stretching itself over the wild and rocky continent, to the Western slopes, so softly kissed by the waters of the Pacific.
>
> "There is nothing that solidifies and strengthens a nation like the reading of the nation's own history, whether that history is recorded in books, or embodied in customs, institutions, and monuments," says a well-known author.
>
> Let us not only be interested in our history and romance of the past, but that also of today and tomorrow.

We have seen at least two poems which seem to us fine in the October magazines. These two were "Maple" by Robert Frost in "The Yale Review", and "Sunk Lyonesse" by Walter de la Mare in "The Century". Other poems that struck us during the month were: "Books and Reading" by John Jay Chapman in "The Yale Review", "The Snow Man" by Wallace Stevens in "Poetry", "Song" by H. D. in "Poetry", "Gothic" by Jean Starr Un-

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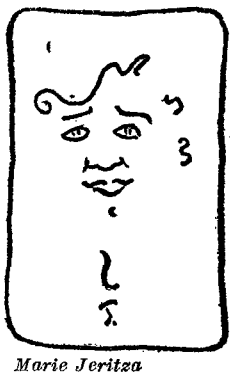
termeyer in "The Double-Dealer", "Little and Lonely Under the Evening Star" by George Brandon Saul in "The New Republic", and "Panther! Panther!" by John Hall Wheelock in "The Century". One of our contributors seemed very much amused to find that we had selected as a fine poem one that had already been rejected by the editorial department of THE BOOKMAN. We see nothing either funny or tragic in this. If the editor accepted all of the fine poems which cross his desk, we would be publishing a journal of poesy, and not THE BOOKMAN.

In this connection, the Blindman Prize, offered by W. van R. Whitall through the Poetry Society of South Carolina, is interesting. It is a cash prize of two hundred and fifty dollars, to be offered annually. The competition is open to any native-born citizen of the United States, or any British subject speaking English as his or her native language. All poems must be in the hands of the secretary of the Society, DuBose Heyward, 76 Church Street, Charleston, South Carolina, not later than January 1, 1922.

David Belasco has produced "Kiki" with Leonore Ulric. We are told that it is thoroughly successful. We remember so well the evening when we saw that French farce for the first time. It was in the Opéra at Tours, shortly after the armistice was signed. Spinelli and Rému were announced. The gay comédienne and her partner had just been dancing their way through a delightfully scandalous Paris revue. The American officers, not realizing the versatility of French actresses, supposed, therefore, that "Kiki" was a girl-and-music show. We'll never forget their faces as they tried gravely to follow clever Mlle. Spinelli's coquetting through the gay little play. We have seen Grasso, the great Italian, act. We were particularly impressed by his method of receiving floral tributes. Also we found interesting the European prompter in his box, with his lantern, and his accusing forefinger. We recommend a trip to the Royal Theatre in the Bowery. It is not often that one may see a great Italian actor. Then this month there was Galli-Curci, whose charm is as great as ever and who flats less than in previous years. Perhaps the most charming débutante of the Metropolitan Opera year is Myrtle Schaaf, with vast dark eyes, a flirtatious manner, languid grace, and a rich mezzo voice. Bodanzky is a busy man this season. He conducts with the opera, the Philharmonic, and the Friends of Music. Presumably, the financial return from the first two is excellent. The Friends of Music is an altruistic enterprise, but if you talk to Bodanzky, you'll find him most interested in instrumental and vocal music that would not be heard if he did not direct it for the Friends of Music. The flaming event of the opera year, of course, was the appearance of Marie Jeritza as La Tosca. We have not yet seen "Die Tote Stadt"; but our most expert musical adviser tells us that the kiss at the close of Act II is a very superior performance. We are heartbroken that Mme. Jeritza refuses to be interviewed. She has been accompanied to America, we hear, by her husband, Baron Popper, a famous dandy and race horse man of Vienna. How far we have strayed from books!



Marie Jeritza

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Like the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, THE BOOKMAN has been at a loss to know what to do in making a choice from among the great number of excellent essays sent in by children from all parts of the country in response to our Children's Book Week Essay Contest. But this is not the place for comment, since Your Editor has evolved so much food for thought from the reading of these papers that he proposes to discuss the matter at length in the February BOOKMAN. We therefore proceed to the names of the winners and remark in passing our regret that certain few papers came in too late for consideration and that Cathie O'Brien's quaint essay ran over the word limit and so had to be ruled out.

The first prize goes to Edwin Hall, age fifteen, of Huntingdon, Tennessee, the second to Ruth Brant, age seven, of Valley Park, Missouri. Other prizewinners are W. Frauenglass (fifteen) of New York City, Amos E. Kraybill, Jr. (nine) of Asbury Park, New Jersey, Kathryn Parry (thirteen) and Edward Horn (twelve) of Mt. Vernon, New York, Frank Gilchrist (ten) of Joliet, Illinois, Stuart Heaton (ten) of Grantwood, New Jersey, Stephen Rudder (fifteen) of Salem, Indiana, and Milton Carroll Melville (ten) of Chester, Pennsylvania. Honorable mention must be given to the papers submitted by Eleanor O'Brien (Newburyport, Massachusetts), Louise D. Gunn (Albany, New York), Ida Margoles (Newark, New Jersey), Jeanne Morgan (Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania), Mary Murphy (Brooklyn, New York), Julie Aveling (Lockport, Illinois), R. W. Hartley (Cos Cob, Connecticut), Elizabeth Glassey (Joliet, Illinois), Harold Brown Aakinson (Indianapolis, Indiana), Katharine McGee (Mt. Vernon, New York), Cornelius Freeman (Brooklyn, New York), Berne L. Wooley (Salt Lake City, Utah), Sylvia Hawthorne Smyth (Mt. Vernon, New York), Ruth Day (Marlboro, Massachusetts), Harriett Bird (Battle Creek, Michigan).

Here are the four very best essays, printed exactly as written by the contestants:

THE BOOKS I LIKE BEST

By Edwin Hall of Main Street

BECAUSE I live west of Broadway in a place unknown to the late Mr. Carnegie, the books I like to read are perhaps not the books I *would* like to read had I a whole honest-injun library to select from. But, I am only one of a large army of young booklovers, who, having access to no public library and very little money with which to buy books, can still find pleasure in the books that happen to be at hand.

My little book case contains less than three dozen volumes, but to me these books are priceless. The top shelf is devoted to the books that I do not like to read but have to keep—books given to me at Christmas time by aunts, uncles and cousins, who, knowing my fondness for reading, send "just any old thing so's it's a book." There are four copies of Little Lord Fauntleroy and two of Uncle Tom's Cabin!

On the lower shelves, in a motley array of bindings soiled from much handling, are the books I like to read—when it is too rainy to go fishing and too dark to play ball. Each book has been read not once but many times. They are my pals.

In a place of honor on my shelf is Horatio Alger's Try and Trust. It is the first book I ever read. For a long time I thought it was the best book ever written, and had to read it again after a lapse of several years to convince myself that it was not. I still confess to a fondness for the Alger books. At least they are within the means of the boy who can never stretch his pocket money far enough.

Later in the fam'ly book case I found three books which I added to my shelf. These books were Cooper's Last of the Mohicans, Irving's Rip Van Winkle, and Poe's Short Stories. I had begun to study literature and read these books because I had to. I liked Cooper's book for its romance and adventure, Irving's because of its humor, and Poe's stories because of their mystery. So, these books found a place on my shelf, and, in time, in my heart.

While I do not care much for Dickens' books, I think his Child's Dream of a Star and Christmas Carol are the two most beautiful stories in the English language. My mother read them to me often before I learned to read, and it

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seems that I can never outgrow a fondness for them. I have read them many times.

Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn has given me many hours of real pleasure, while an evening with Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island almost makes up for the fact that our town cannot afford a picture show. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's Story of a Bad Boy has brightened many a rainy afternoon for me.

I like Booth Tarkington's Penrod and Seventeen, but think he is a little unkind to give us boys away like he does. I like Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads, and I like Edgar Guest's poems, because he writes about real folks. I tried to read Main Street, but it made me feel sorry for myself, so I stopped reading it.

The one book that I like best of all is my scrap book of poems. For two years I have clipped from magazines and newspapers the poems that I like best—and few poets from Shakespeare to Walt Mason are left out.

Last summer I visited the public library in New York, and, although somewhat awed by the magnificence of the surroundings, I could not help but think what a wonderful thing this library must be to the young people of the city. As I came through Nashville (our nearest city) I made application for books at the Carnegie Library there, but was told that the books could not be taken out of the county. So, I came back to my little book case and re-read my old books.

Some time, maybe, some one will realize that something should be done for the young people of Main street, for, after all, Main street is just a step from Broadway, and the future of the country depends in a measure on the kind of books the boys and girls of Main street are reading.

(NO TITLE)

By Ruth Brant

I WANT to tell you what I don't like about my favorite books, and what I do like.

Raggedy Ann is a very nice book, but there is a place in it I don't understand quite. The dolls go and get into the jam, and when the little girl finds them she puts her finger on them and says, yes, you have been in the jam. Of course that means she knew that they were alive. Later it says it would never do to let people know that dolls are alive.

I like A Child's Garden of Verses very much. It is the best book of poems that I have. The verses mean something and have poetry in them. Not many poets can get meaning in their poems.

The reason I like the Garden of the Plynck is, it says, various materials, even yellow. It is funny. Is yellow a material? I like this book as well as Alice in Wonderland, which I have heard six times.

In Gulliver the horses are the most interesting. They make me think how odd it would be if there were such things.

When Tytie Came shows that French children are not so very different.

I like Heidi because it changes places and has a surprise at the end.

I like Little Men and Jo's Boys better than Little Women because there is more fun in them.

Birds' Christmas Carol is full of beauty and it tells you how happily Carol died. It is better than most books because she is not petted too much by having people say, yes, yes, every time she asks for something.

I think Huck Finn is better for boys than for girls, except girls like me, who are more like boys. I thing there are such people as the king and the duke, but fortunately the world is so large that you do not notice them.

Black Beauty gives you the impression of horses that they have many times thought those things.

I did not get much out of Robinson Crusoe, but Mr. Wyeth's pictures are very pretty. One I like shows what kind of furniture he made.

The Thousand Year Pine that my friend Mr. Mills wrote I did not like much when I first got it, but now I like it very much. As I grow older it will mean more to me. Mr. Mills is a disguised nature guide—that is, he was one once. He is a middle-aged man, but not like most men he still takes an interest in the outdoors and I think he always will.

THE BOOKS I LIKE TO READ

By W. Frauenglass

YOU have seen me before. Stooping over musty tomes in Bowery bookstores, absorbed in massive works in libraries. You have watched me stagger home, one shoulder five inches lower than the other under a load of books.

My hair is dark brown and long. So are my eyes (no I don't mean long) and they peer dimly at you through thick brown-rimmed glasses.

If you have ever noticed the titles of the books I read invariably you would have seen Herbert Spencer, William James, Arthur Schopenhauer and other scholastic names.

A bookworm, a prodigy you might have termed me. You might have been correct, but had you seen everything I have read you might judge differently.

For I was not always thus—not even now. Once I was a voracious consumer of Algers, Nick Carters and Wild West stories, eluding the vigilant eye of a suspicious father who threw them into the stove.

I joined a library when I was seven. My envy of a friend who had joined was the cause of a certain dirty little boy applying. I was told to go home and wash myself. Instead I went down to the gutter and washed my hands in the black water. After filing my application I had to wait impatiently for two weeks until a letter came informing me that my card was ready. This time I came washed.

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The librarian pushed a big register at me. "Read what's here and sign it," the librarian said curtly. Assisted by her forefinger I stumbled through the words "I promise to take care of the books which I read and obey the laws of the library."

The bookcases looked threatening. They surrounded me belligerently as if they frowned at the idea of being touched by me. I nervously took a book out without even looking at the title. It was Miles Standish. The next day I returned it.

We used to play an interesting game then. The object of it was to see who could fill his card. I made daily trips to the library. Always taking out two books and returning them the next day. In a surprisingly short time I had used up ten library cards.

Having hopelessly outdistanced my friend who only consumed three, I began to read in earnest.

I have read about two thousand books in the intervening eight years. When I soberly try to select the best of them my critical faculty ceases to function. Each book I enjoyed immensely. I am dismayed when I think of all the books which in impulsive enthusiasm I termed "The best book I ever read." I have always cherished the singular delusion that whatever book I have been reading at a particular time was the best book ever written.

The only reason why the following list is so small is because the lumber house of memory is locked and the key is lost (also the essay is limited to eight hundred words).

I read Les Miserable at thirteen and wept over it. My father could not understand why the gas bill was so much higher that month. The picture of Fanny selling her teeth and hair for Cosette, Jean Valjean imprisoned nineteen years for stealing bread embittered me. When I finished the book I solemnly declared it to be the best I had ever read.

Martin Eden followed Jean Valjean. The ending disappointed me at first but the meaning grew upon me. Today it lies in a niche with Les Miserables.

Ingersoll became my God then. From devout deism I changed to a devouter atheist. Some people mocked at my scepticism and told me that I would change again. I pooh-poohed the idea. But the pendulum of my adolescence has swung again to deism and again I asseverate that I will be a permanent deist.

Jack London became my idol for a time. The reading of about forty books of his is beginning to make me doubt his greatness.

Floyd Dell is my newest God and Moon-Calf my best book. Who can predict the changes in the mind of an adolescent?

I have read Spencer's "Education," "First Principles" and "Facts and Comments." I meant to say I read the first half of them I never could succeed in going farther.

Goldsmith is my favorite poet and "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" my favorite poem.

What a singular list a catalogue of the books I have read would make. I have dozens of books on psychology. I have read hundreds on New Thought from "How to Get What You Want" to "Brains and How to Get Them." Which guarantees that as a result of following its advice your brain power will double yearly. I have calculated that at this rate at the end of thirty-one years my brain power will be ten million times as great as it is now. Such numbers appal me.

What can be the result of 2000 nondescript books and a voracious reader? For answer look at a bookworm with a student's stoop, poring over musty volumes and peering through thick brown glasses. Trudging home under weighty volumes and reading detective stories on the sly.

THE BOOKS I LIKE TO READ

By Amos E. Kraybill, Jr.

SCHOOL stories are the kind of books I like best. Perhaps this is because most of them that I have read are about foot-ball, and as our town had the best High School team in the state last year, it is our favorite sport. But strange as it may seem, when I name my favorite books, not one of them is a school story. They are Aldrich's Story of a Bad Boy, Stevenson's Treasure Island, Dickens's Christmas Carol and Kipling's Captains Courageous.

There are many books such as Ivanhoe, and some of Dickens' which I do not find so interesting when I try to read them myself, but I do like to have them read to me. Mother has always read to us, ever since I can remember. Even when we were very little, as soon as we ate our supper, my two brothers and I would get all ready for bed. Then we would lie on the big study couch, and listen to Grimm's Fairy Tales, and Alice in Wonderland, and many more. When we grew older, Mother read us many thrilling tales of adventure. We all loved Pyle's Robin Hood. Mother read that through twice. Whenever we came to an exciting part, Doc, one of my younger brothers, would always break in, and say, "I know what comes next," and then he would begin to tell. For he would take the book in the day-time and read ahead. But it made the rest of us so cross at him that at last Mother would hide the book away in the day-time, so he could not find it.

Now we are all big enough to read for ourselves, and we do read lots of books. But Mother still reads to us the books she thinks we would not understand ourselves. She reads them to us after our school lessons are finished, just before we go to bed, and we like that best of all. We are in the middle of Ivanhoe now, and we all enjoy it except our smallest brother, Dick, Mother is reading the Peterkin Papers to him, and he says he likes that much better.

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Theodosia Garrison has just sent a copy of her new book of poems, "As the Larks Rise", to her old friend Charles Hanson Towne. When the latter was editor of "McClure's" he published many of the verses included in this volume, and the clever author inscribed these lines on the title page for him:

If this neat page I should indite
For some mere stranger,
What charming poesy I'd write—
There'd be no danger.

(He'd *have* to like it!) but to you
Who know the patter,
The faked, the false, the new, the true—
Well, that *does* matter.

You know that much that's herein writ
Was made to order;
Poor stuff that only boasts a lit-
Erary border.

But you know too the fierce, wild thrill
As harp-strings smitten,
When by some force beyond our will
The word is written.

So shall your certain sense divine
The true thing hidden
Midst tinsel words that glow and shine
As they are bidden.

And this one thing I pray you take,
O best of Brothers,
And gently, for old friendship's sake,
Forgive the others.

"Far Seas", published by the United States Naval Detachment in Turkish waters, is a neat sheet that has been crossing our desk for some months. (We didn't know that we *had* a fleet at Constantinople.) It's a well illustrated, well edited young newspaper. The copy we have before us has a picture entitled "Typical Turkish Open-Air Book Store". The books, we find, are set about on stones. But we recommend to your earnest attention the following editorial, which comes well from the fleet:

ON PROFANITY

Have you ever profited by profanity?

Has swearing ever done you any material good?

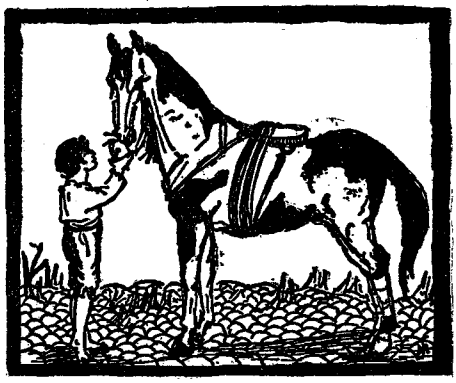
Then, why do it?

It is coarse, uncultured and generally marks a man of limited will power. It frequently causes embarrassment and I know of many instances where it caused a nicely decorated optic!

It's not necessary. Let's cut it out.

As one sailor to another author, let's!

Well, men are men. But what I cannot bear
Is my poor Bet, my piebald talking Mare,
Gone curly in her hocks from standing up.
That's the last drop that overfills the cup.
My Bet's been like a Christian friend for years.



From "King Cole"

John Masefield's new poem "King Cole" is a thing of much charm; but not, it seems to us, so good as most Masefield. However, it's a good poem and you should possess it. The illustrations are done by his young daughter, Judith Masefield. Masefield, too, draws occasionally. We know a very lucky boy who possesses an entire alphabet drawn for him by the English poet, where *H*, we remember, was the hangman and each letter had its character meaning. But Englishmen are very reticent about their families. We have not even been able to find out whether young Miss Masefield is twelve years old, sixteen, or eighteen. We guess at twelve!

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Prizes for the November literary question go to Alys M. Gordon of East Orange, New Jersey, Sue R. Kraybill of Asbury Park, New Jersey, and Katharine Terrill of Burlington, Iowa. The answers to the December set are:

1. Charles Lamb declared his intention to write for antiquity when his poem "The Gipsy Malison" was rejected on the ground that it would shock the mothers.

2. Mrs. Browning's poem "Lord Walter's Wife" was refused by Thackeray when he was editor of "Cornhill".

3. Jane Fairfax is the leading character in Jane Austen's "Emma"; The Reverend Rufus Lyon, the dissenting minister in George Eliot's "Felix Holt"; Colonel Lambert, the benefactor of Harry Warrington in Thackeray's "The Virginians"; Maggie Vervor, the heroine of Henry James's "The Golden Bowl"; Squire Clinton, the head of the family which figures in a series of novels by Archibald Marshall; Captain Reece, the captain of the good ship "Mantelpiece" ("Bab Ballads"); Ernest Pontifex, the hero of Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh".

4. Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman of Providence, Rhode Island, was at one time betrothed to Poe.

5. The quotations are taken from the following:

a. Wordworth's "Peele Castle".
b. Emerson on "Self-Reliance".
c. Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus".
d. Holmes's "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table".
e. An impromptu written by Longfellow at sight of a soldiers' monument.

6. A boojum is a species of snark (see "The Hunting of the Snark" by the author of "Alice in Wonderland").

Bob Davis will go back to "Munsey's" on January the first. This is good news to us. We like literary agents, and we like Mr. Davis in that rôle; we have a feeling that Carl A. Milligan who will continue what will now be called a Service for Authors, Incorporated, will be quite competent in that capacity. After all, there's only one Robert H. Davis, editor. It's good to see him edit. Meanwhile, he and Irvin Cobb are trying to find game to shoot in Louisiana and Texas. Good hunting, say we.

We once gave Anna Pavlowa a book to review. It was Ted Shawn's "Ruth St. Denis: Pioneer and Prophet", an elaborate book, for the illustrations of which I can find no better word than *sumptuous* (in the same sense that one uses it to describe a theatre decorated according to the best American traditions). Miss Pavlowa shortly afterward sailed for France; but not before sending us the review. Would that all reviewers could be persuaded to cover two such large volumes so effectively. Her review follows:

I have read with interest "Ruth St. Denis: Pioneer and Prophet".

Miss St. Denis is one of the foremost artists that America has produced. She has her own message, has developed her own means to express it and has created beauty. In accomplishing these things she has overcome great difficulties. The great sincerity with which difficulties and achievements are recorded gives the book a very genuine interest.

When she came to town this year, we sent our Fashion Editor (we have always wondered how she arrives early enough in the morning to arrange her elaborate coiffure) to see the famous dancer. Her enthusiasms follow (in part):

Such hackneyed, extravagant expressions occur to us when we write in terms of Russian Ballet; the soft feathers of doves, milkweed and thistledown, the imperceptible breath that wafts flower-fragrance to us, and the way poetry would look if it should move. We're sorry, but we do feel that way about it. We saw "Coppelia" danced the other night by Hilda Butsova who afterward told us a little bit about the strenuous, confined life of a dancer. She's wee—much smaller than you'd ever think from seeing her on the stage—and English, oh! *so* English. We hope it isn't a secret that she's not genuine Russian. However, we heard her addressing her wigmaker in Russian, even though she does say *bean* instead of *been*. She achieves a Russian ingenuous sophistication (Chestertonism cropping out in us) on the stage at least, which terrified us when we contemplated our interview with her, but golden-brown hair and friendly blue eyes behind a mask of black make-up dispelled the illusion. Since she was sixteen she has *bean* with "madame" and thinks she has "just the loveliest place she possibly could, don't you?"

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